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The *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone

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The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

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JOY AT EASTER

When we say "Merry Christmas" we mean a day "given to, or marked by, gaiety or festivity" (Webster). And when we say "Happy New Year," we mean a year of "enjoyment of good of any kind," one in which "mental and moral health and freedom from irksome cares are its normal conditions." But what do we mean when we write (for we seldom say it), "A joyful Easter"? And why is the word *joyful* so appropriate at the Eastertide?

Joy, we find, is an emotion caused by "the acquisition or expectation of good; . . . by a sense of well-being, by success, good fortune and the like, or by a rational prospect of possessing what we love or desire." It is "deeper-rooted than delight, more radiant or demonstrative than gladness."

With this meaning in mind, let us see how joy was connected with the events of the first Easter. Predicting those events, Jesus said at the Last Supper: "Truly, truly, I say to you, you will weep and lament, but the world will rejoice; you will be sorrowful, but your sorrow will turn into joy. . . . So you have sorrow now, but I will see you again and your hearts will rejoice, and no one will take your joy from you" (John 16: 20, 22).

His predictions came true. After the crucifixion, when Mary Magdalene and Mary found the open tomb and heard that Jesus was risen, "they departed quickly from the tomb with fear and great joy" (Matt. 28:8). Later, when Jesus appeared for the last time among his disciples, he led them as far as Bethany and there, "while he blessed them, he parted from them. And they returned to Jerusalem with great joy" (Luke 24:51-52).

May there, then, be joy in your homes at Easter!

● **This issue . . .** The religious masterpiece on our cover is "The Sermon on the Mount," from a painting by A. Schack. Another special Easter feature is the article by the editor of *The Secret Place*, "Preparation for Easter." In the series on the Christian in various vocations, the story of a wealthy industrialist, formerly president of the American Baptist Convention, "A Businessman Lets His Light Shine." And more!

● **Next month . . .** Some of the feature articles are listed on page 44.

—I.P.B.

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—E. Von Gebhardt

LAZARUS RAISED FROM DEATH

A Word from The Word

The Resurrection and the Life

Now when Jesus came, he found that Lazarus had already been in the tomb four days. Bethany was near Jerusalem, about two miles off, and many of the Jews had come to Martha and Mary to console them concerning their brother. When Martha heard that Jesus was coming, she went and met him, while Mary sat in the house. Martha said to Jesus, "Lord, if you had been here, my brother would not have died. And even now I know that whatever you ask from

God, God will give you." Jesus said to her, "Your brother will rise again." Martha said to him, "I know that he will rise again in the resurrection at the last day." Jesus said to her, "I am the resurrection and the life; he who believes in me, though he die, yet shall he live, and whoever lives and believes in me shall never die. Do you believe this?" She said to him, "Yes, Lord; I believe that you are the Christ, the Son of God, he who is coming into the world."

—John 11:17-27.

A glorious sunrise service on Easter morn, and, later, worship in the sanctuary should be but the climax to a week of spiritual preparation. For, as nature awakens, so should the mind and soul awaken to the wonders of God's creation, and to the full meaning of the Easter season

Preparation for

IN ADDITION to chocolate rabbits and lovely new clothes, many Christian parents would really like to include a spiritual preparation for Easter.

Children are not much interested in "a bit of comfort for the dying," or other-world-lines, or even in life after death. But eternally important truths, throbbing with joy and hope, can be taught and appreciated.

Even those families who do not regularly have family worship as part of their day would do well to make a place for it during the week before and the week following Easter. Helps are available. *The Secret Place*, a daily devotional guide, offers a brief, interesting basis for such an experience. Families with children

under eight years old should include some of the material on the three center pages of *Hearthstone*. Ideas in *The Secret Place* can usually be explained to children eight and older.

The spring number of *The Secret Place* begins with the Wednesday before Easter. The meditation is about Bible flowers. Spring and Easter are inseparable. After the cold and dark of winter, the whole world becomes alive.

Mrs. Johnson says, "Spring-time brings the green grass, the singing birds, the fragrance of flowers. It brings the beauty of the resurrection of all life in nature." Appreciation of the spring season has long been a spiritual preparation for Easter.

On Thursday the spirit of Holy Week deepens. A full appreciation of the joy and triumph of Easter is not possible without first entering into an understanding of the darkness of the events of the days preceding. The awful cost of our salvation of the atonement becomes the background which makes the rejoicing of Easter all the more glorious. This is like putting jewels against black velvet. It is because of gathering darkness that we notice and appreciate light. On this Thursday evening everyone thinks of the Lord's Supper. In the meditation for this day the idea of sacrifice is discussed in a not-too-heavy illustration.

On Good Friday we stand in awe and reverence before the cross.

His divine power has granted to us all things that pertain to life and godliness. . . . For this very reason make every effort to supplement your faith with virtue, and virtue with knowledge, and knowledge with self-control, and self-control with steadfastness, and steadfastness with godliness, and godliness with brotherly love.—2 Peter 1:3, 5.



By Leonard Lamar Campbell

Editor of "The Secret Place"

A graduate of Andover-Newton (B.D. and M.R.E. degrees) and a graduate student at Harvard, Mr. Campbell served as minister in Baptist churches in Kalamazoo, Mich., Springfield, Mass., Waterville, Maine, and in Westerfield, Mass.

Easter

Something happens within us. We are moved beyond words. No illustration is sufficient. Only the crucifixion scripture and a prayer are suggested for this day.

Saturday is an in-between day. Young people, who are bothered by the science which they learn at school between Sundays, may have an idea of God which is too small for today's world. Any difficulty in believing in immortality may be rooted here. "Surely he who preserves and cares for our lives from day to day will not find it difficult to take care of his children after the incident we call death."

"And it began to dawn!" Darkness gives way to morning. Morning reveals the very heart of the meaning of Easter. Emotions held in restraint now become vocal. Words such as "rejoice" and "hosanna" come tumbling from our hearts. Dr. Browne in his unique and characteristic way has expressed our joy in the Easter meditation, "Good Morning!" Among other things he says, "Morning is a transcendent miracle of God. How full of hope and cheer, how vigorous and intimate that greeting!"

You may want to take time to include one of the many lovely stories of Easter written for children. An old one is as good as new if your children have not heard it. One church sent an Easter lily to a family in a dingy tenement. Only an eight-year-old girl was at home. She looked for a place to put the lily, but the



"Springtime brings the green grass, the singing birds, . . . the beauty of the resurrection of all life in nature."

cluttered table was full of soiled dishes. She washed them. The window back of the lily now looked dirty, so she washed it. For the first time she noticed that the floor was dirty and littered, so she scrubbed it. Looking down at her soiled dress, she decided to put on a clean one. When Jesus comes into a life, unworthy thoughts and actions tend to leave.

Try to find a cocoon and watch what happens. You might want to tell the children that a slow-moving, shaggy caterpillar saw daisies die, trees become bare, birds go south. It was time to spin his silken hammock. The snow and cold winds came. In time the sun became warmer, the snow melted, seeds began to grow and everything was lovely and green again. Something had happened in that silken hammock. The whole structure of the worm had been rebuilt into a new creation. Slowly the cocoon came open and something moved inside. Finally out came, not a caterpillar, but a swift-winged, gorgeously painted and bejeweled butterfly with wings of gold and brown. The robin said, "Now you are living again!"

Do not stop rejoicing with the close of Easter day. Continue the



Eternally important truths, throbbing with joy and hope, can be taught and appreciated. Older boys and girls will want to spend some time by themselves, reading the Bible, "The Secret Place" or other devotional literature.

joy and victory and wonder of the risen Christ into the days which follow. Dr. Miller in the meditation for Monday makes us realize that "God is not God of the dead, but of the living" (Matt. 22:32). The living Christ must become a part of our living each day. Open your heart to Jesus Christ and eternal life is yours beginning now.

With Easter in our hearts, life can never again become cheap and temporary. It is because life is eternal that no sacrifice is too

(Continued on page 38.)



"George had quite a knack for mechanics and he sometimes looked longingly toward a garage. But he stayed on the farm. Years passed and he was 'Uncle George.'"

"Let Uncle George Do It!"

By Frances Dunlap Heron*

Responsibility for the care of aging parents is often saddled on one brother or sister. Just what is the Christian solution to this problem?

GEORGE didn't go to college as the older brothers and sisters did. By the time he finished high school his father was getting along in years and needed him to help run the farm. The brothers and sisters agreed that it would be a shame if Dad had to give up the old place.

True, George had quite a knack for mechanics and he sometimes looked longingly toward a garage. But he stayed on the farm. Years passed and he was

"Uncle George." The nieces and nephews just loved to come to the farm and eat Uncle George's fried chicken and fresh peaches—free! George was especially fond of the children because he had no wife and youngsters of his own. His limited contacts never gave him much opportunity to meet girls. There

*Home editor of the "Christian Advocate." Mother of four children, and a graduate of the University of Missouri School of Journalism, Mrs. Heron is also a book reviewer for the "Chicago Sunday Tribune Magazine of Books."

was one once, but he had known very well that she wouldn't hit it off living in the same house with his mother.

Finally his mother's health failed and George had to hire some of the housework done. His father gradually gave up farm work, but he kept on telling George how to run things. Even the brothers and sisters found visiting a strain, for the old folks were hard to get along with. They sent George five dollars at Christmas.

Mother died and then Dad, and the sons and daughters gathered for conference. Dad hadn't left a will, so of course the farm belonged to all of them—equally. It would be nice to keep it in the family. If George would like to buy their shares—or rent from the estate—fine! When an in-law suggested that George might have a little extra coming, the others pointed out that, after all, hadn't George had a *good home* all his life while the rest of them were off earning their own way!

Although this is a fictional case, almost any reader can match it with a real life story. In many stories the name should be "Georgia." Sometimes it's the oldest girl in the family who, because of a sickly mother, takes over the job of rearing the younger ones, seeing them off to jobs and homes of their own, only to find herself at last saddled with aging parents and no way of escape.

In other cases, Georgia is successful in a professional career when an emergency strikes. Father has a stroke, Mother can't take care of him, they can't afford a nurse or housekeeper, somebody must look after them. The married daughters can't leave husbands and children, and they haven't room for the parents in their homes. The married sons certainly can't expect their wives to take on sick in-laws. No, Georgia is the only one free of responsibilities. She'll just have to go home and take over. After all, it just means quitting her job and giving up her apartment.

Now George's and Georgia's families aren't all heartless, selfish persons. In fact, most of them are pleasant, kindly citizens and church members. Their fault lies in lack of understanding rather than in willful exploitation. They just don't look at things from George's and Georgia's viewpoint! They take the unmarried brother or sister for granted.

A woman in her eighties had a revealing conversation recently with her sister Mattie four years younger, never quite up to the rest of the family.

Mattie mentioned having taken care of their bed-ridden mother for six years.

"But you had it mighty easy a good many years, living at home while the rest of us were working hard and raising children," the elder reminded the younger.

"Yes, but now you have the children."

There was so much longing in Mattie's voice that her sister reported later, "Why, I never dreamed of such a thing! The idea that Mattie ever wanted a husband and children!"

Fundamental Christian Principles Needed

Much unhappiness could be saved in family relations if we but remembered the fundamental Christian emphasis on the dignity of each individual and his right to develop his best self. It doesn't follow that the "breaks" will or should be the same for everyone. What looks like a bad break may often be the instrument whereby that person develops character. There will always be inequalities in ambition, health, achievement, sacrifice. Out of such inequalities comes a balance that keeps alive faith, hope, and courage.

The main thing is that we should try to be conscious of the inequalities life imposes upon different members of the family. Sometimes it is impossible for married brothers and sisters to take their full share of responsibility toward aged parents, and they must shift the burden to Uncle George or Aunt Georgia. What they can do, however, is show their understanding and appreciation of what the unmarried brother or sister is doing!

The Christian approach to the problem is that all children are equally responsible for the care of their parents and to the best of their ability they should discharge it. This is no time for argument that the old folks sent Bert to college one year or gave Nellie two hundred dollars when she married, or let Jim off with the easiest chores when he was young. Love can't be torn apart and measured, and anyway forgiveness is a gift due old age.

Division of Responsibilities

A family conference is in order when an emergency arises. Much misunderstanding can be avoided if all have a business-like agreement at the very beginning.

For the purpose of this article we shall assume that either by circumstances or experience Uncle George or Aunt Georgia has inherited the task or the



"Gifts offer another way of saying, 'We appreciate you,' ... not just on birthday or Christmas."

privilege (depending on Grandpa's and Grandma's dispositions) of caring for one or both parents. Since uprooting of the aged is to be avoided whenever possible, it is best if the unmarried son or daughter can stay with them in the old home. However, where the unmarried person has an important career at stake, certainly the brothers and sisters should not object if George or Georgia prefers to bring the parents to his or her own home where a housekeeper can have supervision in the daytime.

Now how shall responsibilities be divided?

Financial Problems

First, from the financial angle—the one likely to cause the most trouble. Of course, if Uncle George has never left home, if his and his father's bank account has been a joint affair, then he may very well look upon the household

as his family unit and not expect much assistance from the others. Whenever the parents have money of their own, it is wiser and fairer to all if their money is spent for medicine, nursing, clothes and other personal expenses rather than for the children to spend theirs.

When the parents are financially dependent, then each family must work out its own best arrangement. A regular allotment, such as ten dollars per month from each child, is better than spasmodic donations. If, however, brother Frank's wife and six children already tax his budget to the breaking point, in the name of family love and co-operation, the others will make up for him—and forget it.

Sometimes where the old home is all the parents have left, the family may agree that George shall provide the care for the parents and in return receive full rights to the property. In such cases, a will is an absolute must.

Problem of Human Relations

Now, supposing that money is not an important factor or at least it is settled satisfactorily. Maybe George doesn't need or wish contributions from his brothers and sisters. Does that end the matter?

No, there are other ways in which those who have left the home nest can express their continuing interest and love. They can give George a vacation every now and then. Only one who has lived with the aged, even loved parents, can know how tiresome and irritating such constant association sometimes becomes. Perhaps the parents may be taken to the others' homes for visits, or George's brothers and sisters, nieces and nephews may take turns coming to stay with Grandma and Grandpa while Uncle George goes to the state fair or to a fishing resort.

Gifts offer another way of saying, "We appreciate you," gifts that add to a collection or hobby, that show personal thought, not just on birthday or Christmas.

Frequent letters keeping George and the old folks up to date on the doings of the grandchildren will brighten many a lonely day.

Finally, "Let Uncle George do it!" should apply to more than responsibility for the parents. It should apply also to his private life. Just because he has never married or left home does not mean that he isn't an adult, with the same privileges of conducting his own affairs that the others claim. The way he combs his hair, feeds the cows, arranges the kitchen is his own business.

And if Uncle George—or Aunt Georgia—should in middle age find *The One* he missed or gave up in earlier years, then he has the right to marry, and the others have an obligation to help make his happiness possible!

If by chance any Georges or Georgias are reading this article—one last word to you. If you're being treated like a doormat, it's likely that you're partly to blame. Stand up for your rights. Don't encourage selfishness in other members of the family. Remember, you have a life too!

PRAYER OF A HOMEMAKER



On Facing Pain

Dear Heavenly Father:

This pain hurts so much it seems impossible to stand it any longer. Yet others must have deep pain, whether mental or physical, a new development or an old, old heartache. Please hear a belated prayer of thanks for all the pain-free days we merrily took for granted.

Help us in restored days ahead to remember that there are always pain and suffering to be endured by a great host of thy children in physical want and mental agony. Grant to those who serve them the soft touch of a caressing hand of compassion, and the soothing power of the voice of kindness and patience. Inside far laboratories where scientists explore the secrets of matter under the microscope, may Thou continue to reveal thy healing truth.

In each instance of pain, let us resolve to learn fortitude, practicing the art of being still and thus finding anew the God of the Psalmist. Be Thou the ceaseless companion of all who ask for solace. Let an unfeeling world ultimately learn that it was even through the pain of the Cross that Thy son did redeem the world from the pains of sin.

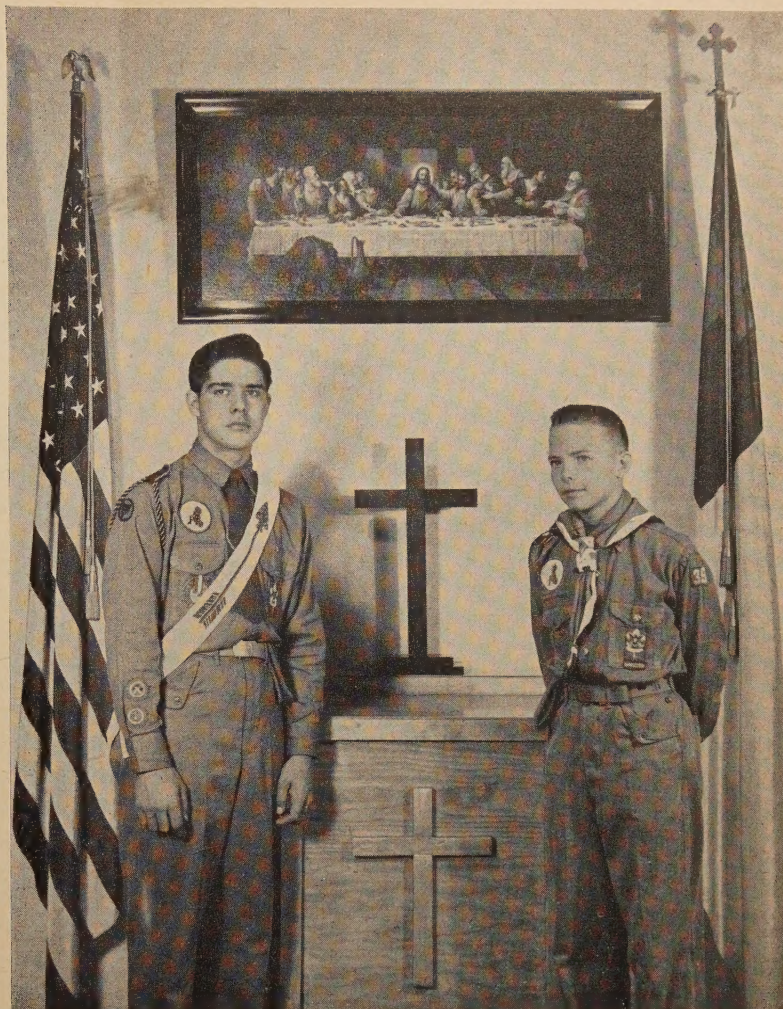
Amen.

RUTH C. IKERMAN

By **JESSE WESTER**

Minister of the First Welsh Baptist Church, Scranton, Pa., Mr. Wester has contributed articles to the "Baptist Leader," "Hearthstone," "Coronet."

What are the problems of the "problem years"? And what is the most effective role of the parent in those years? Here a minister, youth counselor and parent gives his views



"Every planting looks forward to a harvest. . . . So it is with guidance and growth. Whenever a parent can see the fruits of his labors . . . then will he experience a joy that is inexpressible."

The Adolescent Years



WHEN I was a high school freshman (being then about thirteen years old) my home-room teacher called me to the front one day and said, "Go around to Dr. Armstrong's room and ask him what subject he is planning to use at the Parent-Teachers meeting today." So off I went. Dr. Armstrong, with clear, cold objectivity, announced his subject, which I have never forgotten: "My subject will be 'The Adolescent Problem.'" That was my introduction to the idea that there is a period in our lives known as the "problem years." Since that time, as minister, youth counselor and parent, I have come to know its meaning and to realize that the subject is not a new one, and that the period is one of the most crucial in our lives. Though much has been done, it is still a difficult task to help those under our care through the adolescent years, to the freedom and independence of maturity.

Birthday Threnody

No longer can I put it off,
For now has come the fateful day—
She's twelve, and wants a grown-up room,
And I must pack her dolls away.

It's strange that this should hurt me so,
When I have always marked with pride
The other symbols of her growth,
The things outworn and laid aside.

This, though, is unlike all the rest:
It spells the end of make-believe;
Of childhood's magic, sheer and sweet;
Of wide-eyed wonder. So I grieve

To think enchantment's door has closed
Behind the child who tiptoed through;
To know a golden time has passed
And left me rich, but wanting, too.

LOUISE E. JENNEY

The Place of Adolescence

The exact period of adolescence varies slightly in the judgment of authorities. Some define it in psychological terms, while others determine its limits chronologically. But for our purpose, let us assume that the years of adolescence are roughly those from twelve to seventeen or eighteen, a range sufficient to span the years when the person is growing from childhood into maturity. This period includes the senior high school years, and is sufficiently broad to permit even the casual observer to see the changes which take place.

There are physical and emotional factors which determine this period. The body changes. There is rapid growth. The voice undergoes change. Even the contour of the physical form is gradually altered, from that of a child to that of an adult.

Having assumed new characteristics physically, the adolescent comes naturally into a new role emotionally. This rapid pace toward maturity has

thrown him off balance, so to speak. With an almost new body, he now also has a new spirit. He lives in a sort of "between" world, the physical changes having made him strangely aware of himself. He "gets in his own way"; he is clumsy. This naturally makes him sensitive to the reactions of those around him, and he begins almost immediately to interpret their actions as being antagonistic.

Emotionally young people of this age become easily disturbed. With one part of their bodies they look longingly toward maturity. They attempt mature actions. The boy begins to shave, for example; the girl starts to wear makeup. Yet by some strange and mysterious circumstance, they find themselves bound to their childhood. One experience of my own I remember distinctly was that of reverting to childhood games—an experience that is not unusual in early adolescence.

In this "in-between" period adolescents find it difficult to grow up. They cannot admit their inability to be mature, because they do not know what is happening to them. Consequently, they complain that their parents will not permit their growing up. If restrained, even a small amount at times, they become antagonistic and belligerent. They turn easily and readily against institutions or organizations which try to regulate their lives.

At this age boys and girls unite readily with others in trying to gain acceptance into the adult world and to throw off the shackles of discipline. This fact accounts for the numerous clubs to which they belong, the complete expression of the gregarious instinct, and the large number of friendships which they form. It accounts also for the tendency toward zoot suits, hot rods and other fads at variance with established modes. Because their emotional disturbance often results in delinquent behavior, their energies should be channeled in the proper direction, through proper guidance by the home, the church and the school.

Adolescents, then, live in a world all their own. They are between childhood and adulthood. They are sensitive to the reaction of parents and friends, and in this feeling of "aloneness" instinctively unite with others to throw off the disciplines of society. It is an age of "beginning again."

The Role of the Parent

Recently I had the privilege of sitting beside a judge of a juvenile court as he passed sentences on some boys and girls. Increasingly, and as never before, I was reminded that the actions of these children were the reflection of parents and friends. I was made aware of the role which parents play.

The first role of the parent is one of guiding their adolescent children from childhood to adulthood. Teen-agers are traveling a hazardous road. Religious? Yes, but they are unable to apply religion to the conduct of everyday life. Capable? Yes, but uninstructed and uninformed. Guiding them along the way is not so easily done by reprimand and innuendo as by complete and explicit example. The wise par-

ent will seek to understand and to love, even at the expense of being misunderstood. The wise parent will be a companion to the child as he struggles desperately to become a man.

The second role of the parent is that of leading the child from dependency to independency, from immaturity to maturity. Dr. Overstreet, in his book *The Mature Mind*, has pointed out the tragedy that results from having an immature mind in a mature body. The natural desire of all parents is to hold their children as long as possible, but an understanding and loving parent will seek to lead a child through adolescence to that period when he takes his place in society as a mature man or woman, performing the role which maturity should play in the affairs of men.

There is no situation in life more pitiable than the one in which a person who has grown up physically is still treated as a child. One of the most striking examples, it seems to me, is found in Matthew 12:46-50, when the mother of Jesus tried so desperately to hold onto her son, even after he had become a man. She went to where he was preaching, and, standing outside, asked to speak to him. Jesus sent back this reply: "Who is my mother?" Then he goes on to say, "For whoever does the will of my Father in heaven is my brother, and sister, and mother." In essence he was saying: There is a time when we have to mature. There is a time when our dealing with our parents must be on an adult level. In so doing, the disciplines will be developed which are essential to freedom.

Fruits of This Guidance

Every act has a result. Every planting looks forward to a harvest. Every winter knows the labors of summer. So it is with guidance and growth. Whenever a parent can see the fruits of his labors—when a child of his reaches that place where "the apron strings have been cut," when the years of childhood and adolescence have been used to produce mature minds in mature bodies—then will he experience a joy that is inexpressible.

Many questions are directed to me, but none more often than those which concern the guidance of growing personalities. I can only say that if each age is faced realistically and objectively, and at the same time with love and understanding, we need not have fears for those who come under our influence. The Christian home and church can produce character which is disciplined to meet the world.

Several weeks ago I attended a conference where there were a large number of young people of adolescent age in attendance. I slept in the building with the boys, my bed being in an off-set corner section of the building. One night I returned

O priceless dishwasher, electrically

You do a handy trick!

But do you replace the gay repartee

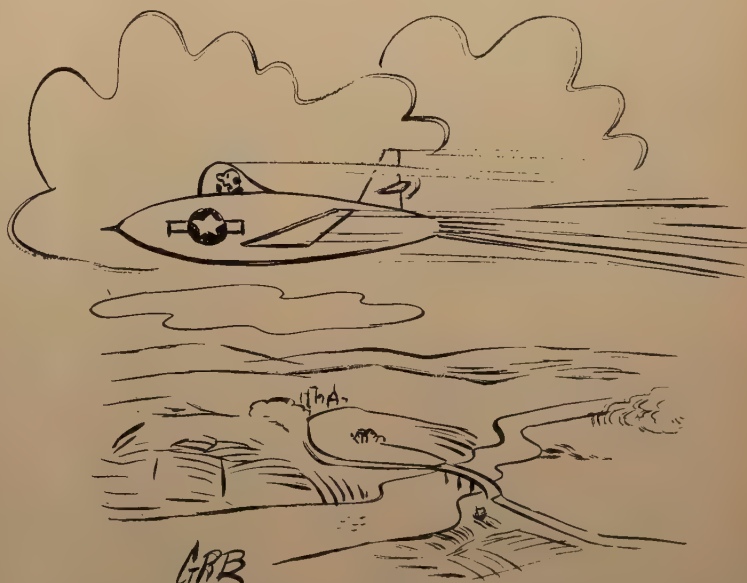
That makes mother and daughter click?

FRANCES BROWN

earlier than usual and dropped off to sleep rather quickly, but was awakened an hour or so later when the young people arrived. My section of the building was dark, and perhaps they thought I was asleep. So they were talking. Said one of them, "Did you see Mary Lou tonight?" "Did I," responded another. "She was beautiful!" "Yeah," said a third, "Didn't we have fun! It's wonderful to be with a group of people like these!"

Then they went on to discuss other parties which they had attended, where apparently everything had not been on as high a level as the one from which they had just returned. It was then that one of them remarked: "You know, I'm a Christian. I come from a Christian home." And then he enthusiastically added: "You know something else? Christianity is a way of life, and I expect to follow that way, no matter what group I'm in. It pays in the long run."

Quite frankly I was glad I awoke when they returned. And although I am not addicted to eavesdropping, I was glad I heard what they said. "Where else," I asked myself, "could we find today a group of young people who feel that way except in a Christian church and in a Christian home?"



"Salt Lake? Coming in for a landing. . . . Oops, missed the field!—Omaha? Coming in for a landing. . . . Oops, missed again!—Chicago? Coming in. . . . Oops!—New York? . . ."

Second Fiddle

*For the world was built in order
And the atoms march in tune.*

—Emerson

AUDIE, we haven't been to a movie in ages. There's a peach at The Towers tonight. How about catching the eight o'clock show?"

Maud looked across the table at her husband. "Why, you know we can't go, Morley. Who would stay with Rusty?"

Morley sliced some butter from an uneven chunk that lay a bit messily on a little blue plate in the center of the disorderly kitchen table, where the Livingstons were having dinner.

"Mrs. Morrison could come over. Or there's that Ralph girl the Beemans always have. I'll call . . ."

Maud interrupted him. "Do you think I'd leave the baby with that Morrison woman?" Disdainfully she went on: "Look how her kids turned out! And I think Mary Ralph is far too inexperienced to stay with any child, much less a baby."

"Well, then how about calling Mab? I'll bet she'd get a kick out of coming over. She could listen to the radio, or read, or . . ."

Maud shoved her chair back from the table. "If you're so set on seeing a show, go ahead and go." She picked up her plate and carried it to the sink. "I don't care particularly about seeing one, anyway, and there just isn't anyone to stay with Rusty. I wouldn't enjoy myself a minute, worrying about him." Then she added, more softly: "I mean it, Dear. Why don't you go? 'Twill do you good and I really don't mind. I'm dead tired."

Morley didn't go to the show that night, nor on several other nights when he mentioned it and received the same kind of response. He didn't go to



"... looking the way she used to on dates."

the softball games, either, or the weekly bowling matches. The fellows began to ask what was wrong with him.

"Nothing," he replied; "just too tired when night comes, I guess."

BUT HE wasn't tired. And if he had admitted the truth he would have said that there were some nights that he sort of dreaded going home. He never knew just what to expect. Subconsciously he sensed this wasn't the way he had always thought of homecomings. Instead of being greeted at the door of an orderly house by a neat-looking wife in a pretty dress, he was likely to find the living room strewn with diapers hung over chair backs, drying, if it had been a rainy day; or with freshly ironed clothes if the weather was fair. Sometimes the sink would be full of dirty dishes, the laundry tubs piled high with baby duds. Often Maud was just preparing the baby's formula, which she usually did in the morning . . . or *meant* to do then. "I just couldn't make any headway today," she would sigh. "Rusty needed so much attention. I think he must be getting a tooth . . . or something."

Morley would look at her as she stood by the stove, her cotton house dress rumpled, and her hair disheveled. He'd wonder *why* she couldn't manage to look neater. . . . Then he'd take off his coat, roll up his shirt sleeves, and pitch into the dishwashing. After that, they'd sit down to a sketchy dinner at the kitchen table, which usually had to be cleared of other things to make room for eating. Morley knew from frequent reports that Maud's days were so full of things to do for the baby that the time "seemed to creep up on her." So no matter how he felt inwardly, he tried desperately to say nothing in a critical way. . . .

One afternoon Agatha Fleming ran in from the

house next door and passed Morley hanging diapers in the service yard. "Boy, Homer wouldn't do that for me!" she exclaimed. "He'd tell me I'd better get a new system if I couldn't have my washing done before five o'clock in the afternoon. Then he'd bury himself in the paper or *Nation's Business* until dinner was ready."

Maud was standing by the stove, stirring cream sauce. Her face flushed and her gray eyes snapped. She started to speak, then bit her lip, stirred the sauce a few vicious times, and said: "Wait till *your* baby arrives . . . you'll find out how busy you'll be then."

"Sure, I know it, Maudie," Agatha replied, a bit humbly. "I didn't mean that the way it sounded. I know how busy you are. I shouldn't have blurted that out like I did; I'm awfully sorry." Then in a lighter tone: "May I borrow some baking powder? That's what I ran over for; I'm making a cobbler and haven't a bit."

THE NEXT morning, Agatha returned the baking powder and as she was leaving, turned at the door. "I feel *terrible* about what I said last night, Maud. It just popped out. But when I saw Morley standing there trying so hard to pin the didies on the line I just couldn't help it. Homer would no more do that for me than anything!"

Maud was making up Rusty's formula. "Morley is good about helping. Sometimes I wonder if I appreciate him. But don't be so sure Homer wouldn't do the same. He'll find that his cut-and-dried rules as efficiency expert won't work after there's a bambino in the house." She started filling and capping the sterilized bottles.

Agatha stood watching her. She looked thoughtful. "No-o," she replied, "I don't think he'll change. He thinks, quote, 'Every important job deserves careful study to systematize its handling.'"

"Phoo-ey!" Maud's face flushed; irritability showed in her voice. "A baby is more important

than anything else in your life once he arrives. You'll see. You think Homer is the most important thing in yours now, but once the baby takes over, *he'll* be the main spoke in the wheel, and your efficiency-expert husband will just have to take a back seat!"

Agatha's brown eyes under a mop of blond hair looked at Maud, puzzling. "I have to scram," she said, and went out the door toward her home across the driveway.

As Maud did Rusty's laundry she felt a surge of importance that had been hers ever since her tiny son was born. Until then she had always had second choice. Even her name was the second choice of her parents, and she'd always loathed it. They'd planned to name her Margaret, but at the last minute the substitution was made to spare the feelings of her mother's oversensitive sister Maud, who wanted a namesake. Young Maud was in the second-rate girl scout troop, the second-rate sorority, won second prize in an important essay contest. Like whistling in the dark, she had often boasted that she would marry a "big-shot executive"; instead she had married honest, good-natured Morley. He was a nice guy, with irregular features and reddish-brown hair. In repose his face was homely, though there was a play of intelligence and good humor when he talked that turned it into a face you liked to look at. He was well established in a real estate office, but he was far from a big-shot executive. Maud loved him all the same. Plenty.

ONE MORNING Morley called up from his office. His voice was eager. "Bill Breen, my old side-kick at prep school, is in town. Just passing through. How about bringing him out for lunch? I'd like to show him our little redhead, and have you meet him."

"Lunch . . . oh, Morley, I simply can't manage it," Maud wailed. "I haven't bathed Rusty, or made his formula. The house is dusty and a mess . . . the groceries haven't come. Oh, I just couldn't manage it."

There was a long silence. Then Morley said. "Okay. See you to-night."

When he came home that night, Rusty was crying as though his little heart would break. Piles of tiny garments on chairs and tables in the living room showed that Maud had been ironing. She was in the service yard, hanging diapers on the line. Morley walked through the dining room where dust on the table and wilted flowers showed disuse and neglect, and into the kitchen. The sink was half full of dirty dishes, pots, and pans. He sank down into one of the chrome chairs and stared at the table in front of him. It still had coffee spots and spilt sugar from breakfast and a sticky cereal bowl looked as though it might have held cereal



Morley would look at her as she stood by the stove, her cotton house dress rumpled, and her hair dishevelled.



The Message of the Easter Lilies

When comes the morning of the Easter Day
The silent voices of the lilies say:
"Though this sad world seems dying in its strife,
The powers of decay give way to life.

"The gracious Christ, now risen from the dead,
Sends hope across the world's defeat and dread;
And as He won upon the cross-crowned hill,
So in all things and ways He always will.

"Even as He has life for flowers that bloom
As glad reminders of the empty tomb,
He has life for each one who bears his load
Patiently up the long and winding road.

"He has life for the sciences and arts.
He has life for all tried and weary hearts.
He has life for today and its demands.
He has life for the ages and the lands."

—CLARENCE E. FLYNN

that Maud had eaten for lunch. Guess there wouldn't be any use even to tell her Bill wanted them to have dinner with him at the hotel before his plane left. Why, in heaven's name, did she have to take all day long to get her work done! The house was small, and Maud wasn't ill. . . .

Maud came in from the laundry yard and heard Rusty's cries. "Morley!" she fairly shrieked. "What do you mean, sitting there and letting the baby cry like that? He might . . . he might get a rupture, or something." She dashed through the kitchen, across the dining room and hall to the nursery. The baby's sobs ceased.

MORLEY sat quietly in his chair, one hand outstretched, toying with a tarnished napkin ring that lay there. When Maud came back to the kitchen he was just where she had left him.

"I've been thinking," he said, looking up as she came into the room and started to pile up the dirty dishes with a great deal of banging.

"Good for you!" Maud's voice carried sarcasm. "Did it hurt?"

Morley ignored the remark. "Come on and sit down, Maud. I want to talk to you," he suggested.

"Sit down? With all these dirty dishes to be done? You sit there if you want to; I've got to keep busy or I'll never get through."

"How come the washing wasn't done till now? Couldn't you plan things a little better?" Morley asked, irritation in his tone.

Maud exploded. "You stay home just one day and do all the things there are to do, and you'd soon see. The washer acted up and I had to get the serviceman here. Mrs. Cline dropped in to see me and stayed an hour. Rusty was fussy. Oh . . . everything went wrong. I'll bet you think I should have told you to bring that fellow home for lunch, too!" As she talked, Maud agitated the water in the dishpan, her swift-moving hands keeping tempo with her hurried words. The suds leaped high and above their bubbly, shiny whiteness, her face looked flushed and red.

"Not if you didn't want me to bring him, I can tell you *that*," Morley answered in a quick flare of anger. "Bill invited us to come in to his hotel and have dinner with him. I don't suppose you'd even consider such a thing." He got up from his chair and walked over

(Continued on page 36.)

Business did not interfere with brotherhood, nor were spiritual values dimmed as William C. Coleman rose from "light merchant" to wealthy industrialist. This former president of the American Baptist Convention gives some of the rules he has followed as a Christian in business.

A Businessman Lets His Light Shine

By Hugh T. Holland

*Minister of the Riverside Christian Church
Wichita, Kansas*



AT THE DAWN of the century, on January 1, 1900, a young salesman arrived in Kingfisher, Oklahoma, with sixteen gasoline lamps, a bundle of enthusiasm, and visions of a great sales territory in the heart of a pioneer population. For a week he extolled the virtues of his lamp without making a single sale. After ten years of selling, he now found himself unable to move his product, and it was the

best item he had ever had to sell. The quality of the light produced by the lamp excelled all other lighting facilities and was less expensive.

That night sleeping was difficult. At two o'clock he awoke in the cold, unheated hotel room, with a forgotten instruction running through his mind. A successful salesman had once told him: "The first principle of good selling is to sell the service your product renders rather than to sell the thing itself." Then and there, he conceived the idea of selling light! Before dawn he had figured out a contract for the rental and servicing of his lamps. By evening he had become a "light merchant," with signed contracts for the light of one hundred lamps.

That young salesman was William Coffin Coleman, founder and president of the Coleman Company, Wichita, Kansas, a business concern which today grosses nearly \$40,000,000 a year. The experience at Kingfisher might well be called the turning point in his career.

To finance his first venture in Kingfisher, he borrowed a thousand dollars from two brothers-in-law, wheat farmers in Kansas. "This," declares Mr. Coleman, "was the biggest job of salesmanship I ever undertook." Then, with a chuckle, he adds, "I started on a shoestring and had to borrow the shoestring!"

As the light of the gasoline lamp became more popular and the public less skeptical, the demand for the lamps themselves grew. His Wichita venture expanded until the name Coleman became famous throughout the

Still the active head of the company he founded, Mr. Coleman, now 82, here holds a lamp similar to the one with which he began his business career.



world, not only for lamps but for numerous other useful household appliances.

BUT THIS brilliant industrialist was a "light merchant" in more ways than one. Throughout his business career he has dispensed light to show others the way. He has been a leader in the business world, a trail blazer in modern methods of manufacturing, a pioneer in labor-management relations, and an inspiration as lay leader in the church.

"A man never grows old until he loses his pleasurable anticipation of tomorrow's tasks and opportunities. Coleman is a living example of that creed; he is always happy doing today's job, but becomes radiant when he thinks of what is to be done and what may be done tomorrow."

—William Lyon Phelps

A devout churchman, W. C. Coleman is the product of eight generations of Quaker stock. His Quaker parents, after careful study, united with a small church under the leadership of a missionary preacher of the Northern Baptist Convention. He recalls that his mother required him to become thoroughly familiar with the Baptist faith before he united with the church at the age of thirteen. He has been a faithful church member since that day.

He has been a member of the First Baptist Church in Wichita since he first came to the city in 1901. One cannot help but note a sense of pride and joy as he speaks of his church. But his churchmanship does not terminate

at that point. He has been a leading figure in interchurch activities, with a great concern for the universal faith. Recently, he was host to the ministers of the city at a huge banquet at the First Methodist Church prior to a mass rally on the dry issue. He has been a guiding light in the Wichita Council of Churches and a leader in the Y.M.C.A.

Through the years he has been singularly honored by his denomination. He is past president of the American Baptist Convention;

was second and first vice-president; a member of its General Council; chairman of the Council of American Baptist Men; a member of the Convention's Finance Committee and also has served as chairman of the American Baptist Convention's section of the joint committee of Northern and Southern Baptists.

It is not surprising that in 1947 the National Council of American Baptist Men honored Coleman along with the late Charles Evans Hughes and J. K. Kraft for outstanding service to the church.

DESPITE the many honors which have come to him and the host of tributes paid him, he is a very humble man. He cannot un-

derstand why church journals want to write stories about his life. "After all," he declares, "I haven't done any more than others are doing."

When asked if he had ever been embarrassed by his Christian stand in business, his reply was prompt: "The idea that your Christianity can be an embarrassment to you in business is a lot of 'bugaboo.' I have found that most of my business associates admire a man for his convictions and respect his beliefs. I am not ashamed of the

gospel of Jesus Christ."

Then, with a glow of justifiable pride, he added, "The business world has made great strides in Christian practices. I was delighted by the large number of letters I received from Methodist businessmen following a recent article in a Methodist publication. All of them commended Christian ideals for business. The messages which come from our trade conventions make me believe that high ideals are supplanting low ideals."

One of the keys to Coleman's success has been his ability to work with men. Through the years he has gathered about him men of high caliber, inspiring them to give their best service. His employees have a great confidence in their employer's concern for them. Some thirty years ago he startled other manufacturers by setting up a doctor in the plant for the care of his workers. He has cut the number of hours when they seemed too long, and ordered rest periods when the work was arduous. He was one of the first industrialists

This 16' x 44' store building, in Wichita, Kansas, Coleman rented to house his new business, then called the Hydro-Carbon Company. Today, the Coleman Company, Inc., has five factories in the U. S. and Canada, covering over 35 acres and employing 3,000 workers. On the opposite page is the main plant, in Wichita, Kansas.



AND IT GREW . . .

AND IT GREW . . .

AND IT GREW!

to give vacation with pay and to close on Saturday afternoons. His company has long encouraged employee recreational and social activities. Twenty-five years ago an auditorium and gymnasium were built to provide a well-balanced year-around program for employees and their families.

"I decided long ago," says Coleman, "that I couldn't go very far if I didn't delegate responsibilities. No one is smarter than all of us. Besides, there isn't anything around here that someone can't do better than I can myself." His recipe for good employee relations is expressed in a simple phrase: "We talk things over."

This policy has paid dividends in a most remarkable way. In more than fifty years of existence, the company has never had a strike or the threat of a strike!

GOOD BUSINESS relations have not been limited to employees. From the early years Coleman has refused to consider a competitor an enemy. With good reason he claims a part in changing the early business slogan, "Live and let live," to "Live and help live."

Illustrating this policy is the story of his friendship with a Minnesota competitor. When rampaging strikers wrecked the plant of his friend, he immediately offered the facilities of his plant for parts to put him back on his feet. Later they got together on patents and ideas for production.

Like many successful men, W. C. Coleman attained his place

of esteem by honesty and hard work. He was first introduced to the gasoline pressure lamp by a man named Englis. Though he was intrigued by the lamp he first refused to sell it because he considered the sales methods dishonest. Later at Kingfisher, when his lamps developed leaks, he recommended improvements which were adopted by the manufacturers. When he began to produce appliances himself he worked tirelessly with his engineers that his product might render the maximum of satisfaction.

A famous sales axiom of the Coleman Company is: "No product is ever sold until it is delivering satisfactory service for the user." Store owners and their sales people interpret it simply: "If it isn't perfectly satisfactory, bring it back. It's a Coleman."

THE WHITE-HAIRED 82-year-old industrialist has had no reason to alter the "good rules for making a success in business" which he adopted for his own guidance in 1920:

1. Let your first concern be to develop the character and talent of your employees, and they will make your business prosper.

2. Be a true brother to your employee and fellow worker, and he will do wonderful teamwork under your captaincy.

3. Place service to your associates above personal gain, and their responsiveness will, in turn, bring greater success to you.

4. Deal fairly with men, and they will be fair to you—only thus

can justice prevail and helpful co-operation become a fact.

5. Think of your obligations as of primary importance, your rights as secondary, and you will win the faith and confidence of your associates, which are the first essentials of success in business.

6. Get the right concept of your liberties, namely, the right to do with your possessions only those things which will help your fellowman as well as yourself. Only thus can you be sure of continued freedom.

7. Regard your possession as a trust, yourself as an administrator, only for the good of men and the glory of God; thus only shall your wealth bless and not curse you.

8. Cultivate the right attitudes in all life's relationships, namely, dominate things—be kind, considerate, helpful in human relations—worship and glorify God. Thus only can you avoid friction, strife and worry.

9. Remember that great achievements are attained by use of spiritual as well as material forces. Value faith, confidence, intelligence, ambition, character, creative capacity, joy in service, above lands, forests, mines, buildings, machines, money and material possessions.

10. Accept the philosophy of Christ the Lord. "Seek ye first the glory of God and his righteous way of life and all these things (prosperity, regard of fellowman and the joy of living) shall be added unto you."



WHEN I ONCE asked a lady for advice on traveling by train with children, she replied, "My only advice is, 'Don't do it!'" Nevertheless, there are times when Daddy's new job requires that the family reach a new home by train, or when the grandparents just cannot wait any longer to see Peter and Judy. No one among my friends looks forward to such trips with any real pleasure. In the past several years numerous friends and acquaintances have set off by train for distant corners of the country, accompanied by their small boys and girls. I myself, have made nine trips, ranging from 500 to 1200 miles each, first with one child and later with two. Never from anyone have I heard anything except dread of such an ordeal ahead. I have, however, heard a few post travel reports that "It wasn't as bad as I had expected." In every such case I believe the success of the trip was due to some advance planning. There are many ways to make train travel more pleasant. These vary somewhat according to the age of the young travelers.

Although parents who are currently planning trips which involve small babies may disagree violently, I believe that an infant is the easiest child to take on a train. A small baby can lie in comfort on the seat beside you, or on your lap if space is limited, or in a car bed if you have Pullman space for it. The baby will demand little except a feeding now and then, and you can be sure of where he is all the time. He may even be lulled by the motion of the train, into sleeping more than he does at home! I have found Pullman porters most cooperative about bottles, and even in coaches this need not be a problem in these days of vacuum containers for keeping the formula or milk. Be sure to have the milk cold before putting it into the vacuum bottle. Carry some tightly covered or corked sterilized bottles, and pour the milk into one of these before each feeding. Then heat the milk in the bottle by standing it in hot water. Perhaps you could substitute powdered milk or small cans of evaporated milk and dilute it



Even if you haven't any children, or even if you aren't planning a train trip with your youngsters, you'll enjoy . . .

Happy Traveling!

By Frances T. Feazel

Mother of two children, Mrs. Feazel is the daughter of a Baptist minister

with sterilized water, which is easily carried in a large bottle. But under no circumstances should the milk be kept in a vacuum bottle at feeding temperature. For that is just the temperature bacteria enjoy most!

The diaper situation has improved a thousand per cent since the appearance on the market of the various disposable brands. The main difficulty in traveling with a small baby is getting on the train and off again, with all the necessary equipment.

When you travel with toddlers, runabouts, or slightly older children, the situation is rather more complicated. If it is at all possible, you will want to have one adult along for each small child traveling. This not only simplifies the entertainment problem and the question-and-answer siege, but is the greatest boon when you have to change trains, carry baggage and visit rest rooms or diners. If you have ever tried to carry one child and steady another as you lurched through five or six cars to reach a diner, you will surely try to persuade an aunt, grandmother or long-suffering friend to travel with you!

Some advance discussion of certain subjects is usually valuable. Make it clear ahead of time that it will be a long trip, at least by children's standards of time. Repeat this often and impress it as strongly as possible upon the youngsters' minds. Probably they will not comprehend just how long

and tiring it will be, but your efforts may at least reduce the number of queries about "how soon will we be there?" If the children are old enough to appreciate maps and timetables, these can be used to help in conveying some idea of the length of the trip, and can later serve as a means of following the course of the train.

Children should be prepared not only for the length of the trip, but for possible encounters with unusual people and situations. The small child who has never seen a nun, for instance, or a cripple, or a Pullman porter, may be saved much uneasiness by a little talk about the different kinds of people who travel, and by a suggestion that anything strange be asked about quietly, without calling attention to it. It is too much to expect that youngsters will always remember this admonition, but you may be saved some embarrassment by keeping them reminded of it. I recall a day when I fervently wished I had done this, as a small voice piped up clearly while two nuns were passing, "Are those spooks going on our train?"

If your trip is an overnight Pullman ride, a roomette or bedroom gives privacy and room to wiggle around a bit. Whatever your accommodations, however, a child ought to have some idea of the mechanics of preparing for bed on a sleeper. The fact that the bathroom facilities are in motion along with the rest of the train may bother him, but he is sure to have

less trouble than any adult in undressing in the confines of a berth! Do remember to take along the beloved teddy bear, tattered blanket or other aid to sleep which the child uses at home.

A meal in the dining car is almost universally a joy to the child, but is not always so happy for the parents. First comes the trek through the intervening cars, with the difficulty of pulling open heavy doors and guiding scared little feet across the jostling platforms. Then there is often a wait for seats. There follows a period of pushing jiggling spoons in the right direction and hoping the train will not jerk just as the glass of milk is raised to a small mouth. Somehow you snatch a few mouthfuls yourself and then comes the return trip to your seats. Generally, if your trip is a one-day affair, it seems easier to me to take along a lunch of sandwiches, eggs, fruit and cookies. With such picnic fare you can be sure of eating when the children are hungry and you can plan for foods that you know will appeal to them. In addition, it will be far less expensive than a dining-car meal.

Even with the best little travelers in the world, there comes the time when they are tired of looking out of the window and around the train, and have explored all the possibilities of their limited accommodations—when they are restless and ripe for trouble. This is the moment parents dread, and this is the point at which advance planning really pays.

Of course you will want to carry as little baggage as is practical, but one item which will be worth any inconvenience it may cause is a small case containing entertainment material. One or two favorite toys brought from home may delight a little child and soothe him by their very familiarity, but usually novelty adds appeal for the older child and a collection of new things, brought out one at a time, may keep him happy for hours. Books, games requiring little space (such things as "Snap" and "Old Maid") paper and crayons, a new coloring book, little cars, dollhouse furniture, a spring-operated "sparkler," a toy egg beater—one could go on and on with suggested fillers for the entertainment box.

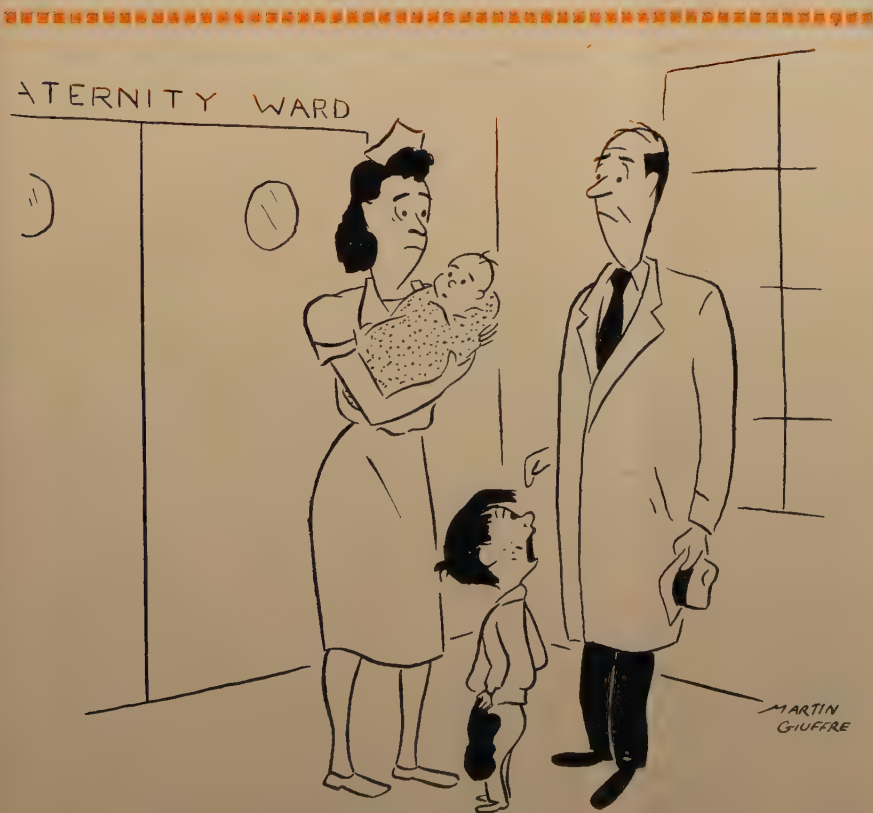
My son once had a lovely time with a small paintbrush, redecorating the window frames, the luggage, the floor and the seats with imaginary paint.

Some surprise "presents" are a wonderful addition to your collection. On a trip last year we had numerous little packages wrapped up in gay paper, each marked with the name of a station where the train would stop. As we came to these stops, the "presents" were brought forth. Such things need not be of any great value. Guessing what is inside and then opening the package provide the main part of the fun. A red-and-blue pencil, a lollipop, a tiny animal made of pipe-cleaners, a shoestring and some empty spools, a paper doll with a few clothes, a small purse with some buttons in it, a puzzle that can be made in a box cover, are all things that will give pleasure to children of varying ages.

It is well to bring these things out one or two at a time, and to put them back in the suitcase when the children have tired of them and are ready to go on to something new. Otherwise you will have a great clutter on the seat and floor, and some things will surely be lost.

A box of simple cookies and a few miniature packages of raisins will often save the day if meals must be irregular. Along with this let me mention an almost indispensable item which will surely be appreciated by the traveling adults if not by the children—a wet washcloth in a waterproof case. This will add much to the comfort of the travelers, as well as to their appearance en route.

The most important equipment of all will be an infinite supply of patience. You will be asked a thousand and one questions (some of them unanswerable), will have to listen to an unending stream of conversation and will yearn for the chance to think a few thoughts of your own. But if you realize all this before you start out and gather together all the material aids you can think of, you will undoubtedly survive the trip and may even say to yourself, "Oh, it wasn't so bad!"



"You mean this is the 'big surprise'?"

Do teen-agers in cities and towns need greater

opportunities for work instead of for play?

When they do get into trouble are they

DELINQUENT . . . OR BORED?

WHAT shall we do about this scandal in our town?" asked Mrs. Carr as she opened discussion at the Mothers' Club. She referred to recent burglaries in homes and business houses, in which young boys and girls were the culprits. "Folks say," the chairman continued, "that our club should take action; that we are largely responsible for these delinquent children."

Molly Mack arose. "Madam President," she said in a firm, decisive voice, "I resent our critics' use of that word 'delinquent.' It sounds so hopeless—and belittling. Replace it with a five-letter word and we shall have something to work on. The youngsters are more bored than delinquent. They need something to do!"

Members stared at the speaker, then everyone began chattering at once. Why, they asked, should young folks be bored, with all the recreational facilities the town provides—school activities, athletics, dances, church parties, fellowship meetings? And there are the carnivals, movies, swimming pools, skating rinks.

"What do you mean by 'bored,' Mrs. Mack?" one mother asked. "Didn't the clubs and churches in this town provide a beautiful recreation hall for our young people?"

Have you forgotten the bazaars and suppers we had, to raise money for that project? We sacrificed a lot for their pleasures. I don't see how they can be bored with so much amusement."

"But they are," insisted Molly. "They are restless—discontented. They are bored with recreation. They want paying occupation."

"Work?" The question came from a startled mother, who leaned forward in her chair and gasped the word. "You mean they want to work?"

Chairs scraped. A handbag dropped to the floor. Excited comment became a buzz of wisecracks.

But Molly held her point. "Why not?" she demanded. "All play is like a diet of dessert. It doesn't satisfy the needs. We must have meat and vegetables to balance it. Playing together teaches much about living in harmony with others: teamwork. But it does not produce satisfying results, like the achievements from work: pride in accomplishment; inspiration; a challenge to try something more difficult; progress toward maturity. Play pays nothing you can exchange for everyday needs. Recreation is expensive. Nearly every place our children go it takes money. And they haven't got it."

Heads nodded in agreement. Members were beginning to understand Molly's theory.

"Parents work frantically to provide recreation for their children," she continued. "They work harder to provide cash for the expenses. If their allowance doesn't cover their bills, where will our children get money for admissions to movies, for cokes and snacks, and so forth?"

Carol Blake shuddered, and looked meaningfully around at the group. "If parents don't hand out enough money, we may expect more cases like that robbery of the aged widow," she said. "Ladies, we must stop such crimes. Three boys, eleven to fourteen, stealing four hundred dollars from poor old Mrs. Clark! Our own neighbors!"

"Why did she keep it in the house?" "A temptation to children." "Why did she tell anyone it was there?" "She had no right to hoard money!" Angry questions and accusations flared as members took sides in denying guilt or in condemning children and their parents for this latest crime.

Mrs. Carr rapped on the table. "We could argue all day," she said, "but the truth of any analysis we make is that children entered a home and stole money. They wanted it to pay for things like Molly listed. Recreation we urged upon them. We failed in reasoning as well as discipline. Let's grant that youngsters are bored and want to work. We should do something to help them."

"Do you propose to put these children to work?" asked Mrs. Blake. "It will interfere with their schooling. And how about child labor laws?"

"I've often wondered," Mrs. Mack put in, tersely, "if misinterpretation of child labor laws hasn't resulted in more crimes among youth than we realize. Look at rural youth, with their 4-H Club programs—and incomes. They are not hurt by work, even during school months. They are healthy and contented. They have bank accounts, and property

of their own. When they graduate from high school, many of them have enough money to pay their expenses in college. They don't ask parents for money when they take out a date. You don't hear of 4-H club members stealing from feeble old ladies."

"You're right," agreed the chairman. Then she related her family's observations.

Visiting at her sister's farm during the summer, they marveled at the stability of the country cousins. Her son Bill asked his dad for money when the boys went to a movie one night. Bill's allowance was spent.

Jim, the country boy, offered to finance the evening of fun. He was "in pocket," having sold pigs the week before.

Jim owns several head of livestock from which he has a nice income, and also wins prizes at fairs. He must pay all expenses on his projects, and reinvest part of the profits. He has learned to save, and still have money for social needs. At fifteen Jim is a good financier.

Elizabeth, the seventeen-year-old cousin, would not go to the show. She was finishing a dress for the style revue next day.

"That dress," Mrs. Carr told them, "was much better than one I bought for Jane for \$22.95.

Elizabeth paid \$8.50 for hers, from money she earned on food projects. My Jane couldn't make a handkerchief—much less an edible cake. Her time is spent at skating rinks and Ping-pong parties.

"Sister's children work. They drive tractors and trucks, operate milking machines, feed livestock, raise poultry. And as Molly says, they are not hurt by it. They are healthy, attractive, intelligent. They make better grades than mine do. They are happy, adjusted to life.

"My husband and I have thought seriously since that trip. We can't move to a farm, but we've got to give our children better opportunities and training than they are getting."

The ladies were thoughtfully silent for a few moments. Then Mrs. Blake inquired: "But how, Mrs. Carr? What does a small town offer in employment for youth? You can't have livestock projects in town—unless maybe rabbits in the back yard."

A burst of laughter broke the tension. Mrs. Carr joined heartily, then sobered. "Rabbits make a nice income for some folks," she said. "A teen-age harvest hand on my sister's farm, making his fourth harvest through to Canada at ten dollars per day, told of his twelve-year-old brother's business

at home. It paid as much as his wages. From materials gathered up in junk yards, this young mechanic assembled several lawn mowers and a miniature hay-baler. He hired neighbor boys to operate the machines, and had a rushing business. They baled grass clippings for rabbits growing in the town's back yards. Besides, in winter they have permission to trap on nearby farms. In summer they supply home freezers with fresh fish and wild berries.

"This thrift and industry goes on in the heart of these United States! Somebody is giving those boys a chance."

Applause was spirited as Mrs. Carr finished her story. The ladies were keenly interested now. They noted that rural youths enjoy the same amusements town youths do, but they desire much less because their lives are filled with more satisfying activities.

Mrs. Carr added, "Asked if he would like time off to attend a ball game, the young harvest hand gave this answer to his employer: 'When I'm on a job I don't stop to play. If rain delays the harvest, I'll go to town for fun. Meantime, I'm enjoying the work, right along with your son.'

"We expect too much frivolity from young people. They want to do worth-while, important things."

Someone recalled the conclusions the Doctors Glueck reached in their study of juvenile delinquency: We should teach youth to live by consistent, wholesome values, practiced by their elders. To guide them in honesty and thrift, we must provide ways for them to learn.

That's exactly what 4-H clubs do for rural youth. *There must be a corresponding program to fit the needs of urban youth.*

The Mother's Club agreed such a plan could not be set up overnight. It must grow gradually, and follow occupational interests expressed by the youths themselves. Locally, they might develop handicrafts for the girls, and sponsor mechanical and gardening projects—even rabbit raising—for the boys.

(Continued on page 38.)

Students at rest after work in a pea cannery in Milton, Ore., in a Y.W.C.A.-Y.M.C.A. students-in-industry program. They also helped in a migrant program conducted by the Oregon Council of Churches. One is a Jamaican (center), another a Korean (extreme right). 45 students engaged in the program. (R. N. S.)





Opportunity to develop consideration for others: Here, Akron, O., church school pupils hold dolls their class made for immigrant children on Ellis Island. (R. N. S.)



Definite, concrete experiences in which to learn: Children of various races and cultural groups learn to play together at the Community Church, New York City.

As parents, we cannot give or teach our children character. But we can give them opportunities practice and observe desirable traits, for

Character

CHARACTER is not out of date. It is more up to the minute than anything in the world. Thoughtful parents and teachers everywhere are eager to help children grow into men and women of honor, integrity and justice. The very fact that materialism holds sway in many parts of the world and that corruption and dishonesty seem flagrant in high places makes it more essential than ever for those of us who deal with children to help them develop a strong, fearless character.

No person can create character for another. Character is personal. It is not a gift but an achievement, learned by living and attained through the efforts of an individual himself with the help of others. Like a plant that grows slowly, character develops little by little over the years, from babyhood on, through the interaction of one's inborn tendencies with his experiences. Although we should continue to grow during our entire lives, in general, our characters are pretty well formed during infancy and early childhood, and we make few important changes after our impressionable years.

Not only is it impossible to give a child character; there are times when we cannot shape his experiences or even control his environment. It would not be wise to do so if we could.

Is there nothing, then, that adults can do to help children build good character? Yes, we can do a great deal through our influence and guidance. Character, like arts and skills, needs to be practiced. We can provide wholesome activities in which a child may practice desirable traits, thus working with the natural laws of learning and child nature, as well. Preaching at a child seldom, if ever, is productive of good behavior and may do actual harm. A child needs definite, concrete experiences in which to learn.

For instance, if we would help a child learn kindness, respect for life, and a sense of responsibility for another living creature, why not give him a pet on which to practice his kindness, love and care? If we would help him to love nature and its creator, let him have a little garden of his own, or if that is not possible, a window box, or some bit of green. He can scarcely fail to appreciate something of the

BUILT



If we would help a child learn kindness, respect for life, and a sense of responsibility for another living creature, why not give him a pet on which to practice his kindness, love and care?

wonder of nature and the goodness and power of God from watching a little seed develop into a plant.

To teach a child self-reliance, we can help him to stand on his own two feet. Only by helping him assume responsibilities appropriate to his age, can we tap the great resources of a child and help him succeed.

We help a child become aware of God through experiences at school, church school and, most important of all, at home where he hears—and when he is old enough participates in—Bible reading, prayer, and grace at table. Many children become conscious of the presence of God at an early age as they wonder at the beauty and mystery of God's world.

It is important that children learn to make choices. Not long ago, I accompanied my two nieces, aged three and seven, on a shopping excursion to the neighborhood five-and-ten-cent store. Their father had given each of them a dime to spend when they came to visit me in the city. It was an educational tour for me as well as for the girls! The older one, who could read the prices, would tell her little sister, "No, you can't have that—it costs too much." That did not seem to bother Amanda in the least; she would blithely turn to something else. Penny decided that she would get more fun from two or three articles than from one. She went about her shopping deliberately, considering everything in the store that cost a nickel. (It was a revelation to me that in these days of inflation anything can be bought for five cents!) Finally, after looking at rubber mice, balloons, small books, and so on, she decided on a handkerchief, with which she was immediately pleased, and two little noisemakers she called crickets.

The girls learned from their shopping excursion that there are certain things we cannot have because they cost too much; we must weigh values carefully before making choices; but once made, it is best to be happy with what we have chosen.

Adults should provide good channels for expression and, within these, help children to make wise choices. Children need to think things through for

themselves, finding answers to their own questions and, with guidance, to their own problems. Often a suggestion is of untold value. Just talking things over, particularly with adolescents, in a friendly, helpful way can sometimes work wonders in helping them to improve their behavior. Obviously, guidance is most effective when neither the child nor the adult is worried, upset or angry.

We should not force a child to act in ways he is too young to understand, and for which he has not attained a state of readiness. It is quite natural for a young child to display anger, jealousy and self-assertion to a degree that would be unbecoming, even unnatural, in an adult. Such traits require expression in the very young and are necessary to their normal growth, although, obviously, they should not be encouraged nor allowed to get out of hand.

If they are to be effective, the character traits a child practices should have meaning for him. For instance, a small child sees no use for many fine points of courtesy. He runs in front of a person simply because he is in a hurry, and he may forget to say, "Excuse me." The fact that a "young lady" or a "fine gentleman" does or does not do a certain thing has little meaning for him. Although he should not be allowed to be rude or impertinent, adult standards of courtesy need not be forced upon him.

Moreover, we should not judge a child's accomplishments by adult standards.

Not long ago I received a letter from a little niece. It was just a bit messy, but bless her—the very fact that she had used ink showed what an heroic effort she had made to do it properly! In other respects, the letter was not a masterpiece! "The reason I am writing so big," she explained, "is because I have chickenpox." Not only does the sentence contain two misspelled words, but it is a classic in lack of

logic until the thought occurs to one that her vision was, perhaps, not so clear as usual or that her hand was swollen a bit, which made writing difficult.

Analyzed by adult standards, the letter is not very imposing. But in reality, it is unusually good to have been written by an eight-year-old child.

We must be careful to guide a child into feeling sincere in what he does. For instance, if an adult buys and wraps the gifts a child is to present members of the family or friends, giving can mean little to him. On the other hand, if he has a share in selecting or, even better, in making, a gift—crude as his handiwork may be—or if he uses part of his allowance or works to earn money to buy it, then and then only, it has some meaning for him. Like other traits of character, generosity should originate with a child and not be controlled by adults.

We should not emphasize one character trait at the expense of another. For example, overinsistence on certain standards of perfection in scholarship all too frequently results in cheating and lying. Children have changed the marks on their grade cards rather than “disappoint” parents who expected them to bring home A’s.

Not only should children be given an opportunity to practice character building but they should have good examples to imitate. Everything in a child’s daily living makes an impression—every person, object and incident helps shape his thinking, appreciation, prejudices and judgments. An educational journal made a statement recently to the effect that the best way to teach spiritual values in connection with school activities is for the teacher to let her own spirituality show in her life and work. This is equally true of parents. A child’s social urge to be like those around him is the strongest possible force for the creation of good character. He acquires attitudes, as well as social skills, largely through imitation. Even small children are observant; they soon learn to interpret others’ behavior. We can set good examples ourselves and we can help children to discriminate in selecting patterns for imitation.

Adult approval means a great deal to a child. We do not want to give insincere praise or even our approval for shoddy workmanship. We should, however, try hard to see a child’s desirable efforts and give sincere praise when he does his best.

This Is the Way We Did It . . .

Blackboard Bible

By Grace V. Schillinger

NOT LONG AGO I received a gift from a much-loved aunt of mine. It was a package labeled “Promise Box,” containing hundreds of small oblong cards with Bible verses written on them. Truly, it was just what the title said it was, because each verse is a sacred promise from God.

From experience I’ve learned that to force children to do things they should, isn’t always the best way. So, instead of commanding our six children to read each and every verse, “because they’ll do you good,” I thought of a different way to present the verses.

In our farm kitchen we have a big blackboard, in full view of the long table where we eat all our meals except fancy company or holiday ones. In years gone by, we’ve used this blackboard for practically everything—drawing pictures, studying the alphabet, keeping track of the baking time for cakes in the oven, leaving notes for the children when I go away in their absence, and playing ticktacktoe.

Now it’s our blackboard Bible!

How can the children fuss and quarrel at the table when a little way beyond their noses this is written:

Return to the LORD, your God,
for he is gracious and merciful,
slow to anger, and abounding in steadfast love,
and repents of evil.

—Joel 2:13.

We all feel less afraid, even in these days of war-jitters, when we read: “‘Be strong and of good courage; be not frightened, neither be dismayed; for the LORD your God is with you wherever you go.’”—Joshua 1:9.

When suppertime comes and darkness creeps across the barnyard, a good verse to find on the blackboard is: “‘I am the light of the world; he who follows me will not walk in darkness, but will have the light of life.’”—John 8:12.

Before leaving the breakfast table, why not tuck away something to think about during the day?—“Let no one despise your youth, but set the believers an example in speech and conduct, in love in faith, in purity.”—1 Timothy 4:12.

Yes, our Blackboard Bible has done good already. Just the other day our eleven-year-old Sharon said, “Mom, remember that verse you wrote on the blackboard last Thursday? We had it at church school today for a memory verse.” And she began reciting: “I am the light of the world. . . .”

This Is the Way We Did It . . .

Hearthstone would like to hear from its readers regarding the way they have handled certain problems and situations which have come up in their families. Write-ups should be limited to 500 words or less. Contributions which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates. Only those articles will be returned which carry return postage. Here is the chance for our readers to write!

with Young Children

A WORD TO PARENTS—

The material on this page, and two pages following, is to be used with your children in moments of worship.

If you have family worship in your home, some of the selections on these pages may be used at that time. If you use *Secret Place* in your family worship, you may find that some of the materials provided here fit into the meditations you use.

In addition to your family worship, it may be that with your very young children, those under eight years of age, you have quiet moments, apart from the whole family. At such times, some of the poems, prayers and verses may help you and your child as you worship.

Some of the poems, songs and prayers suggested have been selected from the graded church school materials. If your church uses graded materials, your child will have brought home the books or leaflets in which these poems and other materials appear.

Perhaps your child will want to cut these pages and make his own book of devotions. The pages are prepared so that this will be easy to do. Cut, or if your child is old enough let him cut, along the border of each small page. He may paste each of these in a loose-leaf notebook, a spiral notebook, or on sheets of uniform size which he can tie together with a ribbon.

It is hoped that the materials on these pages will help you as you guide your child in worship experiences.

THANK FOR APRIL, THANK YOU, FOR FOR JESUS

To Use with Children Three Years Old . . .

One of the favorite stories of three-year-old children in the church school is the story of Jesus and the children. The fact that Jesus loved the children and wanted them around him is a happy thought to children.

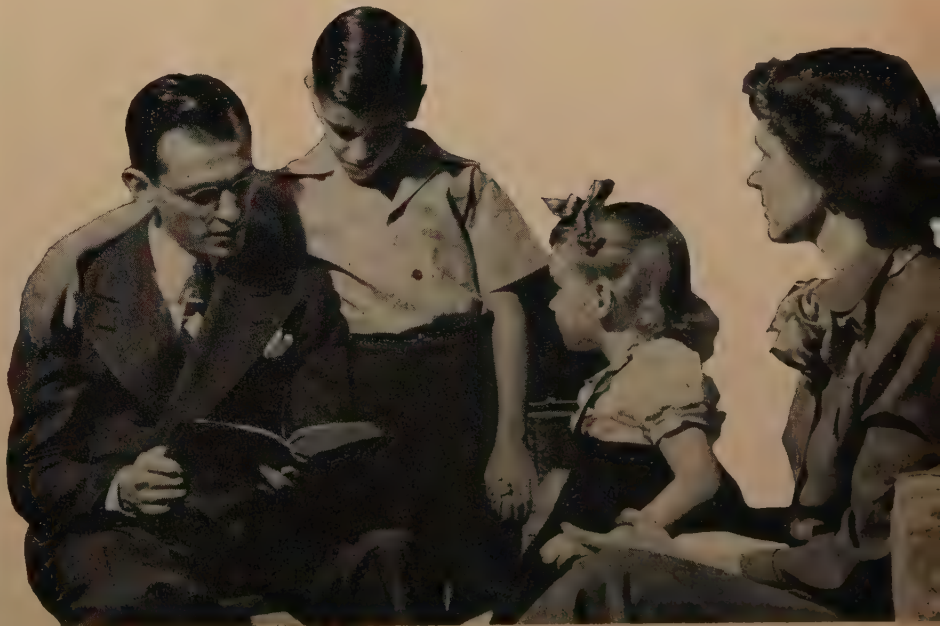
You probably have a picture of Jesus and children of his day which you may show to your child as you tell him the story of how he called the children to him.

Three-year-old children can understand that Jesus liked some of the same things they like. Particularly at this Easter time, you will find opportunities to talk about the budding trees and flowers and how Jesus must have enjoyed watching such things, also. We know that Jesus did love the out of doors. He used many illustrations from nature in his teachings. It helps children to think of Jesus as a person who really lived

when they know some of the things he enjoyed and liked. This conception of Jesus for a young child is a basis for his later understanding and acceptance of Jesus as the Master Teacher and Lord and Savior.

To emphasize the death and resurrection of Jesus, even at Easter time, to a very young child, would be disturbing to him. The emphasis which you give on growing things and new life is the best emphasis with young children for Easter.

If your child brings home the leaflet, *Home Guidance in Religion*, No. 28, which contains the story, "Jesus Liked Outdoor Things," read the story to your child. Let him look at the picture. He will probably want the story told over and over again. This is one step toward helping your child to feel, "Thank you, God, for Jesus."



To Use with Children Four and Five Years Old . . .

(Cut out the colored blocks and paste each small page into your own book about God's love and care.)

THANK YOU, GOD, FOR JESUS

Let us love one another.—1 John 4:7.

Children's Friend

When Jesus walked in Nazareth,
And sat beside the sea
He said of little children,
"Let them come to me."

I know that Jesus loves me
And other children, too,
So I shall try to follow Him
In all I say and do.

—FLORENCE PEDIGO JANSSON

Story: "A Happy Day," *My Bible Leaflet*, No. 79.

Prayer: Thank you, God, for Jesus, who loved little children and called them to Him long ago. Amen.

THANK YOU, GOD, FOR JESUS

"Jesus . . . went about doing good."—Acts 10:38.

The Boy Jesus

When Jesus was a little boy
He liked to run and play;
He went to school and helped at home,
A happy boy all day.
I want to grow as Jesus did
As nearly as I may.*

—WILHELMINA D'ARCY STEPHENS

Prayer: Thank you, God, for Jesus, who went about doing good. Help us to find ways to be helpful to others, too. Amen.

*Words from *When the Little Child Wants to Sing*. The Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, 1935. Used by permission.

THANK YOU, GOD, FOR JESUS

"Jesus . . . went about doing good."—Acts 10:38.

Like Jesus

I'm glad I know of Jesus
Who went about doing good;
I want to be more like him
And do the things I should.

I'll try to play with others
In a kind and friendly way
So I will grow more like him
In all I do and say.

—JUANITA PURVIS

Prayer: Thank you, God, for Jesus. Help us to grow more like him every day. Amen.

THANK YOU, GOD, FOR JESUS

"Jesus . . . went about doing good."—Acts 10:38.

In Galilee Beside the Sea

In Galilee beside the sea
Little girls and boys
Came to Jesus, talked with Jesus;
Jesus shared their joys.

In Galilee beside the sea
People who were sad
Came to Jesus, sent for Jesus;
Jesus made them glad.*

—ALICE M. PULLEN

Prayer: Thank you, God, for Jesus, who made people glad. Help us to find ways to make people glad today. Amen.

*Words from *When the Little Child Wants to Sing*. The Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, 1935. Used by permission.

To Use with Boys and Girls Six, Seven and Eight Years Old . . .

(Cut out the colored blocks and paste each small page into your own book of devotions.)

THANK YOU, GOD, FOR JESUS

"The Lord has risen."—Luke 24:34.

All the Happy Birds of Spring

All the happy birds of spring
Seem to lift their hearts and sing,
"Christ arose on Easter Day."

Let us then rejoice and sing
With the gladness of the spring,
"Christ arose on Easter Day."*

—FRANCES M. MORTON

Stories: "When the Children Sang for Jesus";
"A Glad Morning"; and "The Story Without an
End"—Pupil's book, First Year Primary, Spring
Quarter.

Song: "Blue Sky, Soft and Clear"—Pupil's
book, First Year Primary, Spring Quarter, page 9.

Prayer: Thank you, God, for Jesus and glad
Easter time. Amen.

*Words from *Hymns for Primary Worship*. The West-
minster Press, 1946. Used by permission.

THANK YOU, GOD, FOR JESUS

"The Lord has risen."—Luke 24:34.

I Like to Think of Jesus

I like to think of Jesus
When He was very small,
I know He helped His mother
And came when she would call.

I like to think of Jesus
And things that He would do,
I want to be more like Him
And try to help, don't you?*

—MARIAN LYLE PEDEN

Prayer: Thank you, God, for Jesus. Help us
to find ways to help others. Amen.

*Words from *Hymns for Primary Worship*. Copyright,
1937, by the American Baptist Publication Society. Used
by permission.

THANK YOU, GOD, FOR JESUS

"The Lord has risen."—Luke 24:34.

The Loving Jesus

Jesus sat beneath a tree,
The branches spreading all around.
And many birds sang happily
To the children on the ground.

For children loved to hear Him speak,
And came to Him from far and near.
He told the stories children like,
And children ought to hear.

"Be kind and gentle in your ways.
Be friends to one another."
He told them they should always try
To show love to each other.

He speaks the same sweet words today,
Over the world, to you, to me.
And he loves us as he used to love
The children under the tree.

—MARGARET HALL SMITH

THANK YOU, GOD, FOR JESUS

"The Lord has risen."—Luke 24:34.

Jesus

The young child Jesus
Grew in many ways.
His desire to know God
His friendliness
His eagerness
And courage helped him
Everyday to live his best,
So that when he
Became a man
His life met every test.

—OLAF HANSON

Prayer: Thank you, God, for Jesus. Help us
to be strong to do the right, as Jesus was. Amen.

EVERYONE liked the Hoppity family, who lived in a neat white house in Meadowbrook Lane. There were Mother and Father Hoppity, and three children: Jerry and Judy, healthy, happy little bunnies, and Baby Puff Paws, still so young that she spent most of her time in her crib.

Next door to the Hoppities lived Miss Lucinda Long Ears, a tall lady rabbit who wore a green-and-white checked apron, and spectacles far down over her nose. The children in Meadowbrook Lane were just a little bit afraid of Miss Lucinda, and were careful not to run into her garden, where the most delicious vegetables grew.

One bright sunny day Jerry and his friend Willy Whiskers were playing tag. Jerry did not know how it happened, but in his excitement he ran right into Miss Lucinda's garden, and stepped on one of the tender cabbage plants.

"Just wait till Miss Lucinda sees what happened," said Willy Whiskers. "You'll catch it, Jerry."

Jerry was frightened. His whiskers wriggled fast in his brown-and-white face, and his heart beat hard under his brown coat, just like a little engine. He was remembering something his mother had taught him.

"If you do something you shouldn't," Mrs. Hoppity had said, "always go right to the person and tell him you're sorry. That's what we call apologizing."

"I guess I'd better go tell Miss Lucinda I'm sorry," Jerry said, and he walked bravely up Miss Lucinda's neat front porch steps and rang the bell. Miss Lucinda came to the door, wearing her green-and-white checked apron. She looked surprised to see Jerry.

"Please, Miss Lucinda," he began, "I ran into your garden and stepped on one of the cabbage plants. I'm very sorry."

Miss Lucinda looked at him over her spectacles, but her voice was very kind. "It is very brave of

The Apologetic Bunny

By Helen Ramsey

Jerry Hoppity had lots of fun until . . .

you to come tell me you are sorry, Jerry," she said, "and I accept your apology. Wait just a minute. I picked some fresh carrots today and I will give you some."

She came back in a minute with four fat, golden carrots which she gave to him.

"Oh, thank you, Miss Lucinda," said Jerry, eagerly, and he hurried back to Willy Whiskers, who was waiting for him.

"What happened?" asked Willy Whiskers. "Did she scold you?"

"Of course not," said Jerry, feeling pretty important. "She said I was brave and gave me these carrots. And here's one for you."

"Were you scared?" asked Willy, munching a carrot.

"Nope," said Jerry. "I don't think saying you're sorry is a bit hard."

After that, Jerry didn't mind too much when he did something naughty. When he ran into Grandmother Grayrabbit and knocked a basket from her hands, he just said, "I'm sorry! Please excuse me!" and Grandmother Grayrabbit did. When he spilled sand on the clean floor at Mr. Bumblebunny's market, he apologized so politely that Mr. Bumblebunny excused him at once.

"Because," as Jerry explained to his friend Willy Whiskers, "folks don't mind what you do just so you say you're sorry."

At the Hoppity house on Meadowbrook Lane, Jerry seemed all the time to be doing things he was sorry for. He made a loud racket and wakened Baby Puff Paws from her nap, so she was cross all afternoon and a great deal of trouble to Mrs. Hoppity. He lost Judy's big red ball. He was late for meals and upset things at the table. He even ran into Miss Lucinda's garden again and knocked down one of the bean vines.

But each time, he would say: "I'm sorry! Please excuse me!" and forget all about it.

One day when Jerry came in late as usual for dinner, he was surprised to find all the good things gone.

(Continued on page 46.)



Dee-Dee The Oriole

By Helen L. Renshaw

Dee-Dee learns about summer . . . and winter

“COME OUT,” chirped Mother Oriole. “Time to come out.”

But the last baby bird stayed right in his shell. Mother Oriole spread her warm wings over the egg and chirped again. But no baby bird broke through. She even tapped the pretty blue, rose and dark spotted shell and sang, “Time! Time! Time!”

Even Father Oriole flew up to see what was wrong.

The four baby birds who had already come out of their shells began to twitter, “We are hungry.”

So Mother Oriole said, “I must find some big, plump caterpillars for you.” She pushed the last egg to the back of the nest.

What do you suppose that little bird did when he found he was not going to get any more attention?

That’s right. He popped right out of his shell!

He began to cry very loudly, “Dee, Dee, Dee!”

Even Mother and Father Oriole heard him way over on the other side of the yard. And that is how Dee-Dee got his name.

When their wings grew strong the Oriole babies had many lessons to learn. After a while Mother Oriole stopped bringing fat, juicy worms to the nest.

“You must come out onto the branch to get your food now,” Mother Oriole told them.

So they all tried—all except Dee-Dee. He stayed right in the nest and called very loudly, “Dee, Dee, Dee!”

Mother Oriole coaxed and scolded, but Dee-Dee just sat there. One day a gentle breeze was tripping by. She gave a big sneeze and rocked the swinging nest so hard that Dee-Dee fell right out on his little yellow back.

“Why, here is Dee-Dee,” chirped Mother Oriole.

Dee-Dee felt very big and important now that he was out of the nest. Of course, he knew very little, and he did not try to learn. He was a lazy little bird. He found it much easier to eat the worms his brothers and sisters found than to hunt for food of his own.

One day Mother Oriole taught the babies how to sing the oriole calls. But Dee-Dee went right on chirping his baby song, “Dee, Dee, Dee!” Mother Oriole flapped her wings across Dee-Dee’s little yellow back, but it did no good.

At last the summer was over. “We must fly south to warm Mex-
(Continued on page 46.)

WHO IS BEST?

By Grace V. Schillinger

MRS. WREN, Mr. Rabbit and Mr. Turtle all lived peacefully together in the seclusion of Green Valley until Princess Blue Lace, their fairy ruler, called all the little people of the valley together for a special meeting. Mrs. Wren lived in her little nest high in the elm tree. Mr. Rabbit lived in his cozy burrow beneath the oak. Mr. Turtle lived in his mud bank near the creek. They met quite often and were the best of friends. That is, until the special meeting.

“This is an Honorable Mention Meeting,” Princess Blue Lace began her speech. “I’m going to give a special honor to you, Mrs. Wren. From now on your singing will be called the sweetest in the valley.”

Mr. Rabbit didn’t like it. He twitched his nose and flapped his long ears to show how angry he was. Mr. Turtle didn’t like it either. He hid his knobby head under his shell so he wouldn’t have to watch Mrs. Wren acting so proud.

“I don’t like Mrs. Wren any more,” said Mr. Turtle quietly to himself.

At the next meeting the fairy ruler chose Mr. Rabbit as the swiftest runner in the valley. “You will be my messenger.”

“Huh!” spurted the turtle. “Who wants to run? I see no honor in that!”

Finally, at the last meeting of the summer, Mr. Turtle was
(Continued on page 46.)



By L. ROY CRONKHITE

Minister of the Christian
Church, Niantic, Illinois

ON

Sharing

WITH

OUR

Friends Overseas

STUDY ARTICLE

Study Guide, page 45



In the universal language of a smile these children in a Displaced Persons Center in Darmstadt, Germany, say "Thank you" to the children in schools and churches in America who packed the gift boxes they hold. Because of this national Junior Red Cross project they now have something of their very own. To celebrate the great occasion, they decked themselves out in treasured bits of native costume.

Many a war-crushed European family has found haven in America or help in their home overseas only because some American church sponsored their resettlement here or contributed generously to meet their most urgent needs abroad. Here is one minister's story, with suggestions for ways to aid others

GOD MAKES the wrath of man to praise him," is more than a poetic statement. During these postwar years, filled with hate and suspicion, the finer sentiments of men have shone forth in many wonderful ways. Service has been rendered, friendships formed, and the seed of hope and love sown. The tragic plight of thousands of families whose only crime was the misfortune to be living in the path of war, makes a strong appeal. Responding to this need has often brought new friendships and paved the way for better understanding which may well prove the most effective means of establishing peace on earth.

A family sent a CARE package to "someone in need." In due

time they received a letter from a German family. In part it read:

"I was in the German army . . . and was taken prisoner and sent to the United States. At the close of the war I was sent home. I eventually found my wife and two small children. We were in great want. Then your CARE package came as a glad surprise. How wonderful it was to have good food. What touches us most of all is this—that those who were our enemies are now feeding us."

Another family sent clothing, enclosing their name in the package. They received a letter from a sixteen-year-old Hungarian girl. She and her family—mother, father, and four children, of which Clara was the eldest—were in a

DP camp in Germany. With much gratitude this girl told how much that package of clothing meant to them. She and her mother had just made themselves shoes out of cloth, thinking they would have nothing better for winter.

Some time later our church, in Niantic, Illinois, decided to sponsor a DP family; we chose Clara Ovary and her family. It took nearly a year before they came. We shall not forget that cold winter day, December 12, 1950, when we met them at the station. They were fearful, yet hopeful. We took them directly to the house we had furnished for them, to enjoy a supper our women had prepared for them. When they entered, we turned on the lights; they looked about and were nearly overcome with emotion. Clara hastened to explain:

"We never expect anything so nice. We cry because we are so happy!"

In the DP camp in Germany the Ovarys had known another Hungarian couple, Mr. and Mrs. Hofner. Mr. Hofner was a teacher, much loved by his pupils. Soon after the Ovarys arrived, they received a letter from the Hofners. They were in Cleveland, Ohio. It was a great joy to the Ovarys. Then, a week later, Mr. Ovary came with a letter which distressed his family. The Hofners had come on a blanket form assurance

and had no sponsor. They were living in one room, for which they were to pay ten dollars a week. They had no money nor job and, worst of all, Mr. Hofner was sick.

At that time ~~Mr.~~ Dale Fiers was pastor of Euclid Avenue Christian Church in Cleveland. Though I did not know Mr. Fiers, I telephoned him to ask if he would visit the Hofners as soon as possible, and find out if they wished to come to Niantic to visit the Ovarys and, if so, help them board the train. He said their church would advance the money for transportation and we could return it later. Sunday afternoon Mr. Fiers phoned saying that the Hofners thought it best not to come at this time. Mr. Hofner was too sick to make the trip, and they would see if they might find work. We made up a purse and sent them enough to tide them over until they could help themselves.

Not long after that Mrs. Hofner wrote that she had found work and her husband was improving. She said she had a brother who, with his wife and two small girls, was living in a DP camp in Austria. They would like so much to come to America. The name was Tibor Kostyal. I wrote the Kostyals, found that he was a skilled woodworker and a shoemaker. With this information I began looking for a sponsor. Mr. Kostyal was a Roman Catholic and his wife a

Lutheran. This division complicated matters and made it difficult to find a sponsor. I wrote a number of ministers and other friends but without success. In the meantime I had written Mrs. Ruth Milner, of the United Christian Missionary Society, who did her best to find a sponsor. Finally, Mrs. Milner wrote that she had found a sponsor, a Colorado manufacturing company which made church furniture. What a joy it was to fill out papers and send them to the Kostyals, and how elated they were! I left in August on my vacation, happy over a good deed.

When we returned in September, I found two letters, one from Mrs. Milner and the other from Tibor Kostyal. All had gone well until they took their physical examination. Inadequate food and hardships of camp life had been too much for Mrs. Kostyal. She had contracted tuberculosis. Mr. Kostyal's letter was full of pathos:

"... I must now give up all hope of ever getting to America. The only way would be to go with my two little daughters and leave my wife. That I certainly cannot do. Excuse me, please, for giving you so much trouble in vain. We must acquiesce in God's will and pray for His grace so we shall not lose confidence in the future of our children. God bless you for your good will."

Here, midst the ruins of Mannheim, Germany, these ex-Russians, married 3 years ago, find life hard but, with a child to treasure, well worth living. A Czarist army officer, he fled to Germany during the revolution; she came as a forced laborer. He has silicosis; she, a disease she contracted working in a Berlin factory.

In a Displaced Persons camp near Hanover, Germany, a case worker gives a food parcel from abroad to a family in very difficult circumstances. The father is unable to find work; one of the four children is bedridden in a hospital. This is but one illustration of the cooperative efforts of the World Council of Churches, Lutheran World Federation, the German Church and government.



We could read the tragic sorrow and disappointment between the lines. To have come so near, only to have the door slammed shut—that seemed too much. Our family held a season of prayer and tried to think of what we could do. We discovered that when one door is shut, God does open another.

Our first act was to send a CARE food package and an air mail letter telling them we were going to stand by them. We soon had this answer:

"Your letter was a great delight and, above all, a great consolation to us. Never before had we felt as much sympathy, good will, and true Christian affection as we found in your kindly words. My poor English does not enable me to express our thanks and feeling. But I am sure you do not need my words to understand this."

Mrs. Kostyal was put into a sanitarium for the time. Then that phase of the refugee work was closed, and the family was sent to a DP camp in Spittal-Drau, Austria. The father wrote:

"Since the I.R.O. Center closed, my wife has lost all support. She now lives with us. . . . DPs are practically not permitted to take any job save common labor. My earnings equal about \$1.00 per day, but if the weather is bad there is no work and no wages. After paying rent, we can buy only indispensable food. It leaves nothing for nutritive foods, which my wife sorely needs. It is also impossible for me to provide clothing for my family. My daughters need winter clothing. I know there are many people in need and do not hope to get all the things I mention. Anything you send will help very much."

In the meantime, Mrs. Milner wrote to the World Council of Churches in Europe, asking if they would send someone to visit the Kostyals and report to her. Dr. Visser 't Hooft made the trip and wrote for the Council.

"I went to visit the Kostyal family," he reported, "and found them living under good conditions. The husband works as an unskilled laborer at the hospital. . . . The three rooms they live in are kept spotlessly clean. They are cleanly

dressed and the wife, particularly, makes a good impression."

It is now a year and a half since I began corresponding with the family. We exchange letters regularly. One feels the spirit of solidarity and harmony within the Kostyal family. In one of his early letters the father spoke of their deep longing to come to America, "that we may have a chance to rear our daughters in the true Christian faith." Did he mean he wished to learn more about Protestantism? I do not know. He has shown evidence that he is surprised and gladdened over the fruit of Protestantism and the ministry given his family by Protestants. Once, when I wrote, I enclosed a copy of the *Christian Visitor*, our local church paper. It happened to contain a list of the many church activities our people were engaged in. When he next wrote, he spoke of how greatly surprised and happy he was to learn of Americans being so engaged in Christian work. He said that his idea of Americans had been gained for the most part from what he saw in free movies and in the press. That gave the impression that about all Americans were interested in was pleasure and making money.

Another time, when it had been some time since we had heard from the Kostyals, a letter came, written by Eva, age thirteen. We quote in part from her letter:

"I am writing you instead of my father, who has been ill with lumbago and must stay in bed. I am glad to say that the CARE package came. Great was our pleasure. It contained such fine foods. We thank you very much"

Recently I wrote to inquire about Mrs. Kostyal's health. Tibor gave his opinion and also sent a statement from her doctor, who said:

"Madame Kostyal is under treatment with bilateral pneumothorax for both-sided lung tuberculosis. She is improving but still not cured and needs further treatment. But there is good hope for final recovery. Additional food for her is of great advantage."

In his letter which accompanied

the statement Mr. Kostyal wrote:

"My wife is improving in health and we do hope that this year she will pass examination and be able to come to America. You have been ever so kind to us. We cannot find proper words to express our thanks. The food packages are so much help. We have already got much more from you than we could hope for . . ."

Then he refers to an item in our church paper which told of the wife of one of our aged ministers being in the hospital, seriously ill. Of this he said: "We do hope and shall continue to pray for recovery of the mentioned minister's wife, that she shall soon regain her health."

She did regain her health and who shall say that this family's prayers did not help to bring this about?

We have just sent another CARE package to the Kostyals. Now we are preparing a box of clothing to send—dresses and other articles for Mrs. Kostyal and the girls, a suit of clothes for Tibor, and other things needed.

Few things, if any, have given us more joy than this project. We must continue to aid them in all possible ways. On that day when we arrived home and found their letter telling of the bitter disappointment at being rejected on account of Mrs. Kostyal's health, we took a solemn pledge. We adopted them into our hearts and promised God we'd stand by, not for a year, or five years, but just as long as they need help and he gives us power to do something about it.

There are still some big hurdles to surmount, difficulties before their full hope can be realized: first, the complete recovery of Mrs. Kostyal; second, the finding of a sponsor; third, getting the permission of the government for them to come to America. They will now have to come on a regular immigration quota basis, of course. But neither we nor they have given up hopes for this attainment. One more quotation from a recent letter: "Whenever we get discouraged we get out some of your letters and read them and have heart again."

The Red Doll Carriage



"I don't like you!"

*Buggies and boys have little in common,
but here a mother's experience
with one helps her understand the other*

MADGE LOOKED at the collection of clean garments strewn rudely across Jem's bed. New white T shirt, trim blue shorts with the crease carefully pressed in, striped socks, red sandals.

"Well," she said in a shaken voice, "what do you want to wear?"

Her five-year-old sat Yogi-fashion in the middle of the rug, naked except for one dirty blue sneaker. His dark lashes stuck together in tear-wet points and his face was smeary with tears and breakfast toast. "The brown shirt with holes and the long jeans," he shouted angrily.

"That's perfectly crazy, Jem." Madge struggled to keep the tone of desperation from her voice. "In the first place, it's too hot for jeans. And you have to wear decent clothes. You can't go to kindergarten looking like a tramp, and that's final."

Jem's lip quivered, and a freshet of agonized tears rolled down his face, carrying crumbs with it. He jumped to his feet and gathered the clothes into a crumpled wad. Before Madge could comprehend his intent, he rushed into the bathroom and threw them in the tub.

She leaped to rescue them, and the eighth-month child within her moved sharply. *I can't manage one; what will I do with two?* The irrelevant thought

paralleled Jem's angry manipulation of the taps. Above the rushing water his protest rose shrill and defiant. "I won't go to school," he screamed. "I won't wear an ole white shirt and get mud balls."

Madge turned off the taps and reached for the drowning clothes. She tossed them into the washbasin to drain. Then she leaned down and gave Jem a sharp spank on the buttocks, sensing even in this moment of dreadful frustration the tender vulnerability of the flesh.

"Put on your clothes," she commanded. "Put on your clothes, and if I hear another peep I'll call your father home from the office." She jerked fresh clothes from Jem's bureau and put them on the bed.

His tears still rolled, but he cried quietly. Madge washed his face with a cold wet cloth. "Put on your brown shoes," she said. "Your sandals are too wet to wear. And put them on fast. You're late now."

She was vacuuming the front hall when he came slowly downstairs. His glance slid over her, his brown eyes opaque as windows with the blinds drawn. "I don't like you!" he said clearly, as he opened the basement door and took his coonskin cap from its hook on the landing. She noted that he had not put on the brown shoes, but was wearing the dirty sneakers.

Let him go, an inner voice urged her. *Let him save face that much*. But the habits of maternal charge were too strong. "You'll be too hot in that hat," she warned wearily, but there was no prohibition in her tone. She caught him to her briefly and kissed his unresponding cheek. "Good-bye, darling. Come straight home from school."

He made no reply. The screen door banged after him, shuddering rhythmically before it finally came to rest. "Jem . . .," she started to recall him for a proper closing of the door, then decided against it.

IN BAFFLED unhappiness she watched him to the corner, through the hot pattern of light and shade thrown across the walk by the poplar trees. The bedraggled sneakers looked their worst in contrast with the smart striped socks. The tail of the grotesque cap swung against his shoulder blades. He looked small and vulnerable under the bristling mass of striped fur. *He'll die of heat in that monstrosity*, she thought. *Well, he's respectable between neck and ankles, anyway.*

She put the vacuum cleaner away and went heavily up the stairs to get the sodden mass of clothes from the bathroom. She wrung them out and carried them to the reel back of the garage. The sandals she stuffed with paper, setting them on the back steps to dry.

Then in the kitchen she heated the coffee left over from breakfast. It warmed with the half-stale fragrance of coffee brewed two hours before. She made fresh toast, added butter and a teaspoonful of forbidden sugary jam, and carried her tray to the screened side porch. Thick shade from the lilac bushes and the leaning branches of the maple tree shut out the heat and made the porch a cave of coolness. She noted that one branch high in the old tree had turned a brilliant red, and flamed like a rebel banner through the green mass of leaves. Gratefully she sank into the cool arms of the glider, poured herself a cup of coffee, and nibbled the crisp toast.

The book which Tom, her husband, had been reading to her the night before, in dutiful preparation for the P.T.A. meeting, lay open and face up on the seat. Her eye caught the chapter headed "Traumatic Experiences in Childhood." She closed the book violently and pushed it under a pile of magazines on the porch table. "What about the traumatic experiences the mother of a five-year-old undergoes?" She spoke aloud in the sunny silence. "No one ever thinks of that."

After the unresolved scene with Jem, and its attendant unhappiness and frustration for both of

them, she found the sun and silence strangely soothing. Yet she could not rid herself of a sense of guilt at her own ineptness with her child. His inexplicable fury over being expected to wear clothes that were reasonably whole and clean. His ridiculous fur hat. His cold parting thrust, "I don't like you!"

She knew enough about the ways of childhood to understand that she was the symbol at the moment of all that stood between Jem and his fantastic obsession to go about clad in the oldest, shabbiest, most unattractive clothing he possessed. But he would give her no reason, and she could see no reason in it. Yet there must be something at the bottom of it. *Why?* she asked herself—*why has he suddenly taken this aversion to haircuts, polished shoes, new garments?*

The uneasy question pursued her through her morning work. She found herself watching the street for the moment Jem would come around the corner. She felt she must see him soon, touch him, get his forgiveness for her own lack of control and patience. *He shouldn't have to pay for my tension these days*, she thought penitently.

TOM HAD parked the car in the driveway and was on his way to the house when crying began to be audible, far down the street but coming closer, a roaring cry of anger through which there played the tones of fright and despair. Before they could get to the gate they saw Jem come around the corner, pursued by three larger boys from the neighborhood. He held his fur hat close to his body protectively. And he was splashed and smeared with mud from the soles of the dingy sneakers to his close-cropped crown.

Madge started toward him, but Tom held out a restraining hand. "Take it easy, Hon," he said, and Madge knew that the advice was given as much to himself as to her.

The pursuers, at the sight of the two of them, retreated and lost themselves in the crowd of children trooping home to lunch. Tom waited at the gate. "What's the matter, Fella?" he asked in a casual tone.

In the security of his own front yard Jem's fear vanished, but not his rage. He threw himself against father's legs and howled. "I got mud balls," he belated. "I got mud balls all over me."

Tom sat down on the front step and drew the child to his lap. Madge got a washcloth and wiped the mud from the hot and angry little face. Then gently Tom began to question Jem. "What made the kids throw mud at you?" he asked. "There must be some reason."

Jem sobbed softly. The sound made Madge's heart ache. *This is persecution*, she thought desperately.

"How did it start, Jem?" Tom was asking. And Jem stopped crying to look harshly at his mother.

"Mommy made me wear this shirt," he said. "And Bobby said, 'That's sissy clothes.' And he pushed me in the hedge and it scratched me."

"Then what did you do?"

Boys Will Be Boys

Our spirited child, while engaging

In romping that had us upset,

Heard Grandma, who's peacefully aging,

Say, "Boys will be boys, don't forget."

Since then, when he's raising a rumpus

And we are decrying the noise,

The rascal is likely to stump us

By telling us, "Boys will be boys."

RICHARD WHEELER

Little Madge said unhappily,
When her mother scolded, "Don't!"
"O Mummie, when you say that to me,
It makes me feel so 'Won't!'"

FRANCES BROWN

"I got up and gave him a kick," said Jem. "Then he called the other kids and they threw mud balls at me. And they said if I wear any more white shirts to school, they'll give me more mud balls."

Tom gave an indignant snort. "Who do those kids think they are, anyway?" he said. "Tell them you'll wear what you please to school. What business is it of theirs what you wear?"

"But, Daddy," Jem wailed, "you got to look crummy. You got to wear crummy clo'es. That's the rule. You got to do like the kids say or you get mud balls."

"Ah-h-h," said Tom, "so that's it. In my day it was hair. You couldn't have hair over half an inch long. And you couldn't wear rubbers, if you were a boy. Any boy caught wearing rubbers was a dead duck. So you kicked him?" He grinned at Madge, as though to say, "Spunky enough so far as his strength goes."

"Would you have time to put him in the shower while I finish lunch?" Madge asked Tom, and at his affirmative nod she went toward the kitchen. Suddenly she had remembered the red doll carriage.

SHE HAD BEEN six that summer, and the great longing of her life had been for a doll carriage. And although she knew there was little money to be spent for toys, ever, she somehow had felt sure that the doll carriage would be there beside her bed when she wakened on her birthday morning. She could see it in her private dream, when she put her head under the covers at night and shut her eyes hard. It would be green wicker with cream-colored cushions. It would have a foot brake, and rubber-tired wheels. And the back would let up and down, and the top would tilt forward or back. She would push it down the sidewalk, the dolls snugly tucked inside. And all the children would want to wheel it, and they would call to one another, "Come see Madge's carriage. It's the most beautiful of all."

A carriage had been there when she wakened. But it was homemade from an apple box, painted red.

She could not remember that anyone had ever made fun of it. But neither had anyone ever asked to push it. Nor had anyone, in thrilled envy, shouted to the rest of the crowd, "Madge's doll carriage is the most beautiful of all."

Her deep sense of shame in its possession had driven her to take it with her everywhere she went.

But she had hated it. And she had never had a different one.

In the awareness which her memory brought to her she sensed for the first time Jem's despair at being different. Sometimes the price of being different was too great for a child to pay. And why was it so important, anyway, for Jem to be immaculately and charmingly dressed? Was it for him? Was it for her? Was she waiting for all the other mothers on the block to call to one another, "Madge's child is the most beautiful of all"? Why had she remembered so clearly the red doll carriage, left long ago in the mists of childhood?

TOM'S VOICE from the landing recalled her to the present. "What do you want Jem to put on?" he called. "He's scrubbed and ready."

"I'll come," she called back.

In Jem's bedroom she took a pair of faded blue jeans from the bureau. His eyes brightened as he watched her. "What else?" she said. "You pick them out."

He chose a pair of dark socks and the old brown shirt that had brought on the morning crisis. Its neckband was torn. There was a hole in one elbow. *Fit only for the rag bag*, Madge thought as she watched him get into the garments of his choice. But she smiled at him, and saw the intense relief in his eyes with a feeling of pain that she had not understood before.

"Now," she said, tucking the brown shirttail into the faded jeans, "your doll buggy is as good as anybody's."

Jem looked soberly at her. "That's goofy, Mommy," he said patiently, "I haven't got a doll buggy."

"Just a manner of speaking, my literal angel." She bent to kiss the back of his neck.



"Well, it's your fault, Mom! You made me wash!"



In a woodland setting, a family leads the evening vespers.

As spring turns thoughts vacationward, it is time to consider plans for a holiday the whole family can enjoy with other families. Here is just a glimpse of a

Christian Family Camp

July 27-August 1, 1952

By Mr. and Mrs. Ben O. Rifner

Mr. Rifner, who is art supervisor of the public schools in Rushville, Indiana, served as Director of Arts and Crafts at the Indiana Family Camp

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills" was a thought in the minds of families attending Christian Family Camp in the beautiful hills of southern Indiana during the week of July 27 to August 1. For once, the woods of Bedford Christian Camp rang not with the happy shouts and laughter of teen-age boys and girls, who are its usual inhabitants. Instead, they were filled with the call of parents to their children, the cry of the small child who had fallen on a stone, the shout of the boy who had discovered a cicada or a small shell, an "Oh, Mother, come here!" from the little girl who had found a pretty stone or leaf, the happy laughter of families play-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD DAWSON

ing games, and the quiet singing of families at worship.

From their arrival on Sunday through the farewells on Friday afternoon, all felt the emphasis on the type of camp it was: it was Christian; and it was for families. Except for the classes each morning, and the discussion after the little tots were tucked in bed for the night, all activities were for individual family or entire group participation.

Morning classes carried out the theme of the camp, "The Family Enjoys the Bible." Adults learned methods of using the Bible for family worship and study, under

the guidance of Mr. Archie Mackey, minister of the First Christian Church in Hammond, Indiana. Mr. J. D. Montgomery, director of Christian Family Life for the United Christian Missionary Society, led the group in a study of families in the Bible, attempting to discover from their lives what might be applicable to family living today. The children, whose ages ranged from two to thirteen, were divided into three groups according to age. Under the leadership of Miss Bessie Myers and Miss Carrie Dee Hancock of Indianapolis, and Mrs. Gerald Franz of Clarksville, they learned both about the Bible and the beauty of God's great creation.

Miss Anna Clarke, director of the Indiana Department of Religious Education, did the general planning.

Family worship is a necessary part of Christian family life. Therefore, there were opportunities for family worship before breakfast, and for family leadership in devotions at meals and at evening vespers. A small clearing in the woods, not far from the cabins, offered a setting for the evening vespers. Here the group worshiped together, and Mr. Mackey brought them thoughts on mountain-top experiences in the life of Jesus and parallels in their own lives.

An important phase of family life is family fun. Equipment and time were provided for families to play games, read together, hike, and swim, depending on their preference. In the afternoon, families worked at crafts—on projects in which the entire family could participate, which would have practical use. One family block-printed their Christmas cards; two families made scrapbook covers of plywood; several made games the whole family would enjoy; many made plaster figures to use for a manger scene at Christmas. Some preserved camp mementos, such as pretty stones, shells, and insects, in glass or plastic paper weights. They were assisted in their projects by Ben Rifner, an art supervisor in the public schools of Rushville, Indiana. In the evening, families formed one large group to play games together. Every morning they joined in a flag-raising ceremony, and twice each day they read the instruments to predict the weather.

For the closing service, when the week of fellowship, recreation, study and worship was at an end, each family formed its own circle. Family circles were then linked together by the camp leaders, symbolical of families united by the church. All went back home, inspired and better trained to lead a more Christian family life in their own homes, and to help spread their ideas, inspiration and enthusiasm among other families in their churches.



Guided by a capable leader, the children enjoy fun and good companionship as they dramatize a Bible story in a tree-dotted arena.



A parents' class, with Archie Mackey as leader. All are acquainted with each other's problems—two-legged ones, alert and active.



A class in arts and crafts, with Mr. Rifner as instructor. In a setting such as this, it would be hard not to feel an artistic urge.

Second Fiddle

(From page 12.)

to her and said in a more gentle tone: "Listen, Dear, why not let everything go and get Mrs. Morrison to come in and stay with Rusty? Take a quick shower, jump into your best bib and tucker, and let's take Bill up on his bid. We haven't had dinner at a hotel for years, it seems. It'll do you good."

"Are you crazy, Morley?"

Maud was plainly angry now, but before she could say more, he went on: "What difference do a few dirty dishes make, or letting them stay dirty a little while longer? It'll all be the same a hundred years from now, you know." His voice was wistful. "It would sure seem good to take my little wife out and have her all dolled up and looking the way she used to on dates!"

"So I look like something the cat dragged in, do I! Well, you just go and have dinner with your friend, for all of me! My baby is important and I'm certainly not going to neglect him, all for my own pleasure." Then, as Morley didn't reply, she added: "I mean it, Morley. You go ahead and go."

Morley stood motionless for a minute and looked straight at her. "Okay, I will." He swung around and left the room. Not long afterward the front door closed behind him.

Maud couldn't believe her ears . . . Morley had actually gone to meet his friend . . . and without her! Tears stung her eyes as she went about doing the dishes and munching a sandwich. As she looked in on Rusty before falling wearily into bed she felt in a flare of anger that Morley was more interested in having an evening with his old friend than he was in his own son.

THE SUN WAS shining brightly when she awakened. As she jumped out of bed and slipped into her robe she heard the baby's whines, and as she hurried out the door she glanced back at the bed. Morley was already up; he had probably warmed Rusty's bottle when she didn't waken at his first cry. Scuffling across the hall, she felt with a tinge of satisfaction that everything would probably be all right now.

But Rusty didn't have his bottle, and he needed attention. Maud picked him up, his sweet round face still flushed with sleep, and carried him into the kitchen. Morley wasn't there, either, laying slices of bacon in the skillet or measuring the coffee, as she had half expected he would be. Slowly she slid Rusty into his high chair, warmed his bottle . . . all the time wondering. Then she spied the hastily scrawled note on the table. "Left early. Going to the Y tonight for handball and supper. M."

Just that . . . not even "Love—Morley". . . just "M."

For some reason, the sun that had shone so brightly when Maud awakened,

seemed to have lost its cheery brilliance. She went about her routine tasks as if in a daze . . . her mind dull, her heart heavy. Somehow, nothing seemed right. Not that she minded Morley's playing handball at the Y; that was good for him . . . he needed exercise like that. And Doug was a nice guy, too; quite a worker with the Boy Scouts. Every few weeks the men played handball together, but it was usually on Saturday afternoon or when Madge and she were having one of their rare late afternoon shopping sprees. Slowly pushing the iron over Rusty's wee garments, Maud thought that maybe the reason this bothered her now was because it was happening right after last night. Or because Morley had slipped away early, without breakfast, or even kissing her good-by. He never did that. The few times that she hadn't heard Rusty, Morley had taken over; he often boasted

**To-morrow I'll reform,
the fool does say;**

**To-day itself's too late;
the wise did yesterday.**

—Benjamin Franklin

about his efficiency at "Operation Diaper," as he laughingly called his service.

SHE WAS JUST finishing the ironing when Agatha came in the kitchen door, more serious than Maud had ever seen her.

Maud greeted her neighbor pleasantly, but without much enthusiasm. "You're just in time to have a cup of coffee with me, Agatha. Sit down—if you can find a place," she half laughed as she lifted some freshly ironed garments from one chair and shoved some newspapers from another.

"Is anything wrong, Agatha?" she asked quickly . . . and at once her friend burst into tears.

Hastily Maud went over and put her arm around the young woman's shaking shoulders. After a time, the sobs ceased and Agatha daubed at her red-rimmed eyes.

"I'm sorry, Maud," she apologized, half laughing, half crying. "But I'm terribly upset, I got a letter from Bonnie this morning, and—well, it just floored me."

Bonnie was Agatha's twin and her only sister, and Maud knew that the two had always been very close. But Bonnie had married five years earlier than Agatha, had three children, and lived some distance away, so the girls seldom saw each other. But their letters were frequent, and through them they had kept in very intimate touch with each other. Now, Agatha went on to

explain, something was wrong—terribly wrong—in fact, Bonnie wrote seriously of a separation! The news had come as a bombshell to Agatha; she just couldn't believe what Bonnie had written.

"But what is wrong?" asked Maud, going to the stove for the coffee, then filling their cups. "Or doesn't she say?"

"That's the awful part," moaned Agatha. "There's nothing really wrong, at least as we think of those things. It's just—at least this is what I think—that Bonnie's so engrossed with the children that she isn't too interested in going places with Frank. She thinks she can't leave the youngsters. She's told me that often, and I've suggested loads of times that she leave them, once in a while, anyway. But she never has. Oh, Maud, she's the kind of mother I'd never be—feels that her children should come first . . . above everything and everyone else. And now"—Agatha wiped her eyes sadly—"now I'm afraid it's what led to their unhappiness . . . their incompatibility, as she calls it."

Maud sipped her coffee slowly. "It's a shame, Agatha," she said in a low voice, "a terrible shame." Then, fingering her cup handle, she asked after a bit: "Have you written her?"

"Yes, as soon as I finished her letter," Agatha answered, setting her cup down. "I told her to bring or send the children here for a week and take a trip with Frank. He travels, you know, and I think the trip together would help them iron everything out . . . or I *hope* it would. I sent the letter air mail-special so she'll have it tonight." She sighed deeply. "I sure hope she'll do it."

Maud started to speak, but just then a delivery truck drove in the Flemings' driveway and Agatha had to leave. "See you later," she called over her shoulder as she dashed out the door.

MAUD SAT very still, her mind no longer dull. She thought back to the time when Bonnie and her family had visited Agatha, and how happy she and Frank and their one baby had been at that time. Frank wasn't a big-shot executive, any more than Morley, but he was a likable, dependable chap. It didn't seem possible that a fine, happy marriage like theirs could be headed for the rocks . . . and with no real cause. Or was the cause more real, more important, than it seemed on the surface.

During the rest of the day she moved swiftly about the little house, dusting, straightening pictures, replacing wilted flowers with fresh ones from the garden. She folded diapers in neat piles and stored them in the bathroom closet, pulled crumpled towels from their bars and replaced them with clean ones.

In the kitchen she stored the pots and pans, still on the stove to dry, in the cupboard, watered the geranium that stood wilted and neglected on the window sill; then cleared the cluttered table of the miscellaneous articles that were

(Continued on page 44.)



Family Counselor

Here is a professional man who has enjoyed a four-year kindergarten "pout" because his son refused to submit to a domestic dictator. In America, men and women can choose their own careers as well as their own sweethearts. We regard dictating parents as European.

cannot have his own way in being the autocrat of his son's life?"

DOMINEERING DADS

Maybe some of you readers think this case sounds like the melodramas of several generations ago, but I still receive scores of patients as well as hundreds of letters from young people who are in this identical situation. There are still too many fathers in America who wish to employ European dictatorial methods on their children. They act as bullies in their own homes and are just as tyrannical as Hitler or Stalin. They try to coerce or club their sons and daughters into abject submission. A few months ago, for example, a Hoosier farmer killed his daughter with a shotgun just because she wished to marry the man of her choice.

JUVENILE PAPA

We psychologists recognize that the greatest cause of human misery is probably emotional immaturity. People may be highly respected professional men in the community. They may be fifty years of age, with distinguished appearance and university degrees, yet still be as selfish or as grandstanding as kindergartners. Indeed, I sometimes wish I could conduct a kindergarten for middle-aged babies, say from 45 to 55 years old, for we certainly need such an emotional clinic in every town and city.

Bob is an outstanding man to have struggled through to his law degree, working day and night to support himself and still make good grades. It takes a superman to stand that strain for four years.

His father should be proud of him, and is, but will not admit it. If his father were an ignorant man who had immigrated to America from the Old Country, we might charge off the latter's dictatorial ideas to the conventional viewpoint of Europeans, who used to feel that the male parent should be a Hitler.

GRANDSTANDING

You readers have often seen spoiled children grandstanding on the family stage, trying to gain the spotlight. Well, Bob's father is a beautiful twin for such a youngster. He wanted his every whim to be law. He ordered his son to follow in his footsteps and become a surgeon, probably to flatter his own selfish vanity by forming a partnership with the "& Son" on their shingle.

When his wishes were crossed, however, he pouted and would not play, like the boy who takes his football and goes home because he can't be captain. So this male parent has maintained a four-year pout, and still delights in knowing that his wife and son are disturbed.

Therefore, they should not flatter his vanity further by showing they are disturbed. They should enjoy life and ignore him completely as they would a naughty child.



Ray is a skittish old bachelor who is in a panic at the approach of his wedding day. He even feigns insanity as an alibi. If you are past thirty, you must be on guard against this tendency

Bob, aged 24, is the son of a prominent surgeon. "Dr. Crane, his father persuaded him to study for a medical career," his fiancée began. "So Bob spent two years taking premedical subjects, but he decided he didn't like medicine well enough to make it his profession, and switched to law without asking his father's advice. Ever since then, his father has refused to speak to him, and, except for his mother's secret gifts of money, Bob has had to earn his entire way.

"He worked at night driving a taxicab and later washed dishes at a restaurant to earn his board. The last two years in law school he served as a night clerk at one of the hotels, thereby earning his room and board. He finally sold a pint of blood to pay for his diploma. It has been a long, hard pull but he has graduated and now has started into practice. But still his father acts like a stubborn child. Bob and I went to visit his parents last month, but the father wouldn't even eat at the table with us.

"Dr. Crane, Bob is proud, and never has asked his father for a penny, but I know it hurts him to be ignored in this manner. Why will an otherwise intelligent man be so childish, just because he

to stall around. Take the plunge; don't gingerly sample the water with your toe! You'll enjoy marriage after you get into it.

Ray L., aged 35, is an acquaintance of mine who awakened our household about 2 a.m. recently. "I've got to see you, Doctor Crane," he burst out, "for I feel as if my head is going to explode." Meanwhile he was pressing against his skull with both hands as if to hold his head from bursting outwards. "I was discharged from the Army as a psychoneurotic, and I have gone to several good doctors since then. But every so often, I feel as if I am going insane. I simply can't stand it. So I drove the forty miles tonight to see you. I'm sorry to have bothered you at this hour, but I can't go on. Should I go to a sanitarium and have shock treatments?"

SUBCONSCIOUS TRICKS

This will have to be an abridged diagnosis for lack of space to give my full analysis of Ray. His main trouble was the fact he was engaged to marry. The wedding date was drawing near. Like many an old bachelor, however, he was panicky. His conscious mind kept emphasizing the thought: "I ought to get married, but I don't want to do it so soon. But I am obligated to the girl and she is expecting it. I can't just break off with her. So what can I do?" In this dilemma his subconscious mind figuratively addressed his conscious mind as follows: "This constant seesawing makes your head hurt, doesn't it? Maybe your mind will crack. Suppose you are heading for a mental collapse. If you are approaching insanity, of course you should not get married."

AN ESCAPE DEVICE

So Ray eagerly seized upon the thought of an approaching mental breakdown as a subterfuge. It would serve as an apparently legitimate reason for deferring his marriage. And if he could get a physician to O.K. his need for shock treatments, that would be the finishing touch to his alibi.

But previous to his coming to my home that night, he had already been cultivating a second alibi. For he would date other girls, even while engaged to his supposed real sweetheart. However, he didn't date these girls because he was fond of petting. And he would even take two girls at a time on the same date. No, he was using them as another subconscious excuse to justify stalling off his marriage.

SKITTISH BACHELOR

When men and women pass thirty, they often grow skittish about making the final step that produces marriage. Even though they may really love their sweetheart and admit that they expect to marry, they still want to procrastinate and stall off the wedding day. Like Hamlet, they may engage in prolonged and futile debate of the "to be or not to be" variety.

In such cases you must be resolute. Write the pros and cons on a sheet of paper. If you love the girl and she rates high on my "Tests for Sweethearts," then grit your teeth and enter the wedding march.

(Always write to Dr. Crane in care of this magazine, enclosing a long, 3c stamped, addressed envelope and a dime to cover typing and printing costs when you send for one of his psychological charts.)

Delinquent or Bored?

(From page 19.)

"How will such projects put money in their pockets?" a club member asked. "There's no demand for novelties in a small town like this."

The chairman was ready with a smiling reply: "Who buys at our bazaars and food sales? Let the young folk hold these sales, each keeping receipts from his own products. They can learn salesmanship and business management by actual practice. At least we can make a start. This may grow into something much bigger."

"But who will teach the crafts and hobbies?" was the next question.

"Mothers and Dads," answered Molly Mack, staunchly, "in their own homes. Don't turn the recreation hall into a workshop. Rural youth learn farming and homemaking at home, directed by parents and neighbors. Under supervision of county agents, of course, in

Preparation for Easter

(From page 3.)

costly, no effort too demanding, no cross too heavy.

Here is encouragement for each person, anywhere in the world, to live daily at his best. "If we cannot permanently bury the Christ, we cannot permanently bury the Christlike."

Eternal life is not just sitting on a cloud, playing a harp forever and forever. Eternal life is not mere length. It has quality.

What you believe about the future will determine your conduct here and now. The other world begins in this one. Carlyle has said, "He who has no vision of eternity has no hold on time." Give us ten generations who believe that death ends all, and morality would be dead.

"But in fact Christ has been raised from the dead. . . . Therefore, my beloved brethren, be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that in the Lord your labor is not in vain" (1 Cor. 15:20, 58).

The sense of joy and victory and triumph and hope inherent in Easter can be greatly increased and doubly appreciated if a family makes its spiritual preparation together.

companionship with adults of their community, they learn principles of respect surpassing those they would learn on playgrounds with persons of their own generation."

A look of hopeless inadequacy passed from one to another. Mrs. Blake rallied them with: "We may have to learn some things ourselves before we can teach others. But we're capable. If any mother complains of lack of time, she may be reminded this is a matter of choice. She can help make good citizens, or she can play at social parties. Every one of us can afford to spend more time at home."

The discussion closed with a convincing summary:

Delinquency, in parents and children, can be eliminated by keeping minds busy and ways thrifty.

FOR CHILDREN

A charming book, written about a pet, is **Susie**, by Ruth King (Abelard Press, unpagged, \$2.00). The book is designed for young children, with illustrations that will appeal to them. There is a minimum of text, yet there is a connected and delightful story. All those who love dogs, both children and adults, will enjoy **Susie**. Those who love both children and dogs will want to share this gay book with a favorite child.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Dick Friendlich, sportswriter and friend of youth, has written another college football story, **Line Smasher**. (Westminster Press, Phila., 1952. 194 pages; \$2.50.) Readers of this column will remember the review of his earlier book, **Goal Line Stand**. This is the story of the dependable fullback who is not quite so brilliant, so versatile, so outstanding, as his good friend, Quarterback Bill Devlin. However, Cliff Gear eventually wins through to some satisfying football popularity and at the same time pulls some chestnuts out of the fire for his more talented friend. A good story that holds interest right down to the last whistle.

A story which has its setting in ancient Capernaum of Palestine is **Tamar**, by Gladys Malvern. (Longmans, Green & Co., 1952. 211 pages; \$2.50.) Tamar is the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue in Capernaum, who falls in love with one of the Roman conquerors of her country. How the lives of Tamar and her parents and of all the people in Capernaum and Galilee were affected by the young teacher from Nazareth offers young readers (yes, even boys will find this story an interesting one) some helpful insights into the life of the people among whom Jesus lived: This would be a good story to be read aloud in the family circle.

FOR ADULTS

Dorothy Clarke Wilson has added to her laurels as a writer with her new novel, **House of Earth**. (Westminster Press, Phila., 1952. 309 pages; \$3.50.) Those who have read her **The Brother, The Herdsman, and Prince of Egypt** will know what to expect in the way of a good novel, well written and based on careful research. This time the author goes to India for her setting, and tells the story of high-caste Hindu life and manners as it comes in conflict with the sensitive spirit and mind of Roshan, whose questioning nature at last leads him to break with his own culture and religion. This book will give the reader a vivid picture of what Christianity offers to the people of India while giving a sympathetic portrayal of the best elements of Hindu life.

Those who reap the abundant wheat of Kansas and all who appreciate that reaping will gain a new appreciation of America's debt to the Old World in **Plow the Dew Under**, by Helen Clark Fernald. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York, 1952. 301 pages; \$3.00.) Many will not have known before reading this novel of early life on Kansas plains that the good hard wheat which so enriches our common life is from the Crimean plains, brought here by immigrants who themselves were not as warmly accepted as was their durable and delectable seed-wheat. How the Palevskys and their friend finally won their way into American life by their hard labor and infinite patience is well told by this Kansas-born author

who migrated to Massachusetts. It would be interesting to know how many of our readers know the meaning of the title, **Plow the Dew Under**. Read the book and find out.

Frank C. Laubach, the apostle of literacy who has taught many thousands to read and has reduced many spoken languages to a written form, is the author of **Wake Up or Blow Up** (Revell Co., Westwood, N. J.; 164 pages, \$2.00). Here is an impassioned plea to the Christians of America to wake up to their opportunity, before the world blows up in a third world war. Mr. Laubach is convinced that the way of Christian missions and the way of meeting human needs is the only way to avoid such a war that the time is short. His experiences in sixty-eight countries lead him to believe that there is a way to bring about understanding and good will between peoples. He makes a convincing case of it in his book that everyone should read. It is available in a cheaper, paper-backed edition and should be circulated by every church as rapidly as people will read it. Christianity can beat Communism only by getting there "fustest with the mostest."

Sylvanus M. Duvall, in his **Men, Women, and Morals** (Association Press, New York; 336 pages, \$3.75), has written his book with the conviction that "people have a right to sound knowledge regarding sex conduct and standards, based upon the best scientific knowledge and deepest insights available." Many of us have an established and satisfactory sex code based upon the insights of religion. This book recognizes that many people are not much persuaded by religious arguments these days, and he gives this approach to them based on logic, research, scientific evidence, and expert opinion. Probably the heart of his conclusions can be expressed in the author's words (page 315): "In the final analysis, sex morality hinges upon its effects upon family life. Sex relationships which build and strengthen the family are good. Those which weaken and undermine family life are bad." Ministers and parents who need ammunition to combat a drift toward laxity in sex standards will find this book an arsenal.

DIACLECTS

Folks in different sections of the United States have various names for everyday objects. See if you can get 8 out of 10 of these correct by placing the correct number from Column 2 in the parenthesis after Column 1. That qualifies you for an M.D. (Master of Dialects)!

Column 1	Column 2
1—Maple sap ----()	1—Bucket
2—Pail -----()	2—Doughnut
3—Spider -----()	3—Coal oil
4—Fried cakes ----()	4—Sugar water
5—Husks -----()	5—Harrow
6—Nut -----()	6—Plough
7—Kerosene -----()	7—Shuck
8—Cultivate -----()	8—Sheaves
9—Bundle -----()	9—Skillet
10—Drag -----()	10—Burr

(OT) 9 (L) 2 (Z) 4 (6) 3 (I) 7 (F) 1—s.c.s.v.s.v.
 (C) 01 (S) 6 (9) 8 (S) L

—HELEN HOUSTON BOILEAU

AN APRIL PARTY? Yes, siree! We need some fun in our lives, you see, so what better way than all together, families and friends whate'er be the weather. April showers cannot dampen the spirits on this occasion. So think up all the foolish and nonsensical ideas possible. Here are a few suggestions just as a starter:

Decorate the house in the brightest colors possible. Red and yellow, the favorite colors of clowns, make things look gay. And as far as possible, arrange the furniture in a foolish way. Hang the pictures upside down; turn the chairs to face the wall; make bouquets of celery stalks, beet and carrot tops; pile red and yellow apples in dishes about the room to add a touch of color.

Foolish Questions—Foolish Answers. The players sit in a circle and in a whisper, each is asked a foolish question by the one on his left, which he answers. He also, asks a question of the person on his right, who gives him an answer. Each player writes down the question he is asked, and the answer given to the question he had asked. These are read aloud as soon as all have finished writing. They are sure to sound foolish, such as: "Who first said, 'In onions there is strength?'" Answer: "Billy Bliss who blew big blubbery bubbles." Or, "Where were Guinea pigs discovered?" Answer: "In Sadie Simpson's shady shanty."

Clownish Music. Select a couple of clowns (jolly people) to act as leaders and they choose four persons from each of their groups. Each member of these quartets is asked to represent an instrument that can be played in a band or orchestra. A familiar tune is assigned to each quartet. First the musicians from one side perform, and then the other side has a chance. Three judges, previously chosen from among the guests, decide which quartet wins. If the hostess wishes to prolong the foolishness, she may secretly instruct the judges to disagree, or call it a tie, and make them play several different tunes. Or they may even be so undecided that they will have

FOR GOOD TIMES IN THE HOME ~~~~~



By Loie Brandom

A Topsy-turvy April Fool Party

to call for another quartet from each side in order to settle the matter. Make-shift instruments, such as a tin pan for a drum, tissue paper over a comb, a kitchen funnel for a horn, and so on. On some radio programs music has been attempted on such articles as bicycle pumps, rubber gloves, wooden spoons, glass tumblers, cow bells, etc.

The Disappearing Mystery. All the players gather in a group in the center of the floor. A leader is chosen who passes in and out among the members. The players must close their eyes and cover their faces with their hands so they cannot see. The leader in passing among the players, touches some member of the group on the head. This member then slips softly from the room while the leader slowly calls, "Go, going, GONE." At the word "gone," all the players raise their heads, and the first to discover who it is that left the room becomes leader, and the game continues as before. The player who is leader the greatest number of times, wins.

Apple Nonsense. This is where the apples, previously mentioned, come into play. On a table back of the goal line, place as many apples as there are contestants, plus two or three extra. Each apple should have a good strong stem, long enough to be grasped

in the teeth. The extra apples are to be used in case a stem comes off. At the signal GO, Number One on each team, with hands behind the back races forward, secures an apple by the stem with the teeth, then returns to the starting line to touch off the Number Two racer on his team. Should an apple be dropped on the way, the runner must return to the table, secure another apple and continue the race. However, the loss of time may be fatal to their hopes of winning. No contestant is allowed to touch an apple with his hands until after he has touched off his next teammate. The apples make the awards for the members of the team winning this race, although the other team members will probably eat theirs also.

Portrait of a Clown. Blindfold one of the guests and give him a red crayon. Lead him to the wall where a large piece of wrapping paper has been pinned, and ask him to draw the outline of the head of a clown, including the ears. When this has been accomplished, another "artist" is blindfolded, handed a blue crayon and asked to add the clown's eyes. Still another blindfolded player adds the mouth with red crayon, and the hair and nose with a brown crayon. Another guest adds the neck ruff with a yellow crayon, and the last artist is supposed to add the

pointed clown cap on the top of the head, also with yellow crayon.

Clowning. The players form a closed circle, one of them holding in her hand a doll dressed as a clown. While some lively march music is being played, the guests pass the clown doll around the circle from hand to hand. Whenever the music stops, the passing stops instantly, and the one who is caught holding the clown must drop out of the ring. The game continues in this way until only one player is left.

The following stunts may be foolish but they are really a lot of fun. Try dropping peanuts, popcorn, or long straight clothespins into a quart-size milk bottle, with the arm extended at shoulder height.

Juggle three or more inflated toy balloons. See who can keep all of his balloons in the air for the longest period of time.

Turn a kitchen stool upside down and try to throw fruit-jar rubbers over the legs. A finger on either of the two nearest legs counts ten points each. Ringing either of the farthest legs counts twenty points each.

Hit or Miss. On a straight line about a yard from a wall, place four tin cans, allowing about six inches between them. A starting line is drawn six or more feet in front of, and facing the row of cans. Using a tennis, golf, or Ping-pong ball, see if the players can roll the ball between the cans while toeing the starting line. Each player has three turns. The six

inches between cans is allowed if tennis balls are used. The space between cans can be less if golf or Ping-pong balls are used. If a ball goes through the first alley it scores ten points, second alley fifteen points, and third alley counts twenty.

Make the refreshments as foolish as possible, and one of the first nonsensical things your guests will notice will be when you start serving things backward, or upside down. Start out with dessert—pie, cake, ice cream or fruit, and end up with sandwiches, hot dogs or even soup. And of course, all harmless April Fool jokes are permissible. In fact, the guests will probably be on the lookout for them, so don't disappoint them on this score.

BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

- A Hill where Christ was crucified -----
- B People who show you to your seats -----
- C A soft pillow or pad ----
- D A book of the Old Testament -----
- E A smokestack -----
- F Reptile that is closely related to the tortoise -----
- G Man who brings the mail -----
- H Small in size -----
- I An Indian baby -----
- J Very large apes -----
- K Strong and vigorous -----
- L As long as, or during the time that -----
- M Quantity of bread baked at one time -----
- N Has lasted longer -----
- O A fool, or simpleton -----
- P The style -----

65	5	4	84	57	1	22	69
117	43	81	37	62	55		
133	40	24	2	79	45	10	
108	35	80	134	109			
38	86	23	36	64	31	72	
53	20	125	66	14	60		
98	94	9	42	28	89	75	
96	54	12	85	44	128		
127	61	25	67	73	30	3	
18	32	51	11	76	83	34	
49	77	52	58	7	91		
16	115	82	118	126			
104	131	110	123	103			
19	74	88	68	15	6	41	
101	71	63	116	106			
56	87	13	124	8	39	47	

1	2	3		4	5	6	7		8	9		10
11	12		13	14	15	16		17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24		25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
32	33		34	35	36	37		38	39	40	41	42
	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50		51	52	53
	54	55		56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64
65		66	67	68	69	70	71		72	73	74	
75	76	77		78	79	80	81	82	83	84		85
86	87	88		89	90	91		92	93	94	95	96
97		98	99	100	101	102	103		104	105	106	
107	108	109	110		111	112	113		114	115	116	117
118	119		120	121	122	123	124		125	126	127	128
129	130	131	132	133	134							

Solution on page 46.

Q Twists, or resolves -----	130	105	70	132	102		
R Erects, or constructs -----	59	95	29	112	97	33	
S It makes rivers, lakes, seas -----	46	122	107	121	100		
T Cries like a dog -----	93	27	78	113	114		
U Closest -----	90	99	17	26	48	50	21
V Mends -----	119	111	120	129	92		

Harness your Hobby

by

VERNA
GRISIER
McCULLY

A BUSY person is a happy person, so they say. And who doesn't wish to be happy? So harness your hobby and be off! Not only will it guarantee you pleasure and profit (though not necessarily financial), but it can also bring happiness to those around you. If you already have a satisfying hobby, help your friends and family to develop theirs. Many hobbies may be enjoyed both singly and in company. Class or club members or family groups can have wonderful times pursuing their individual or collective interests together.

Hobbies are so numerous that everyone, regardless of age or circumstances, can discover at least one that is engrossing. Do you like to make things? There are almost endless kinds of crafts and allied activities both interesting and useful. Among them are photography, sketching, cartooning, clay-modeling and casting, block printing, metal work, basketry, wood-carving, leather-tooling, weaving, costume-designing, glass-etching, map-making, miniature models, bookbinding, marionettes, cooking, jewelry-designing and making, glove-making, macramé, beadercraft, papier-mâché modeling, dye painting, lace-making, pottery, plastics, gesso decoration, stenciling, calligraphy and toy-making. A great many of these can be slanted toward use at church school, church or home.

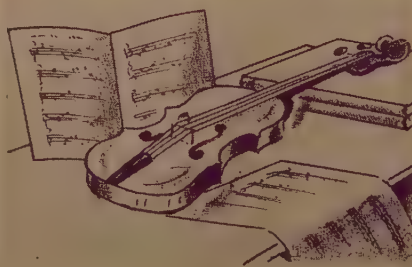
Do you like to do things and go places? There are fascinating hobbies for individuals or groups. Here, for example, are all kinds of sports, gardening, bird study,

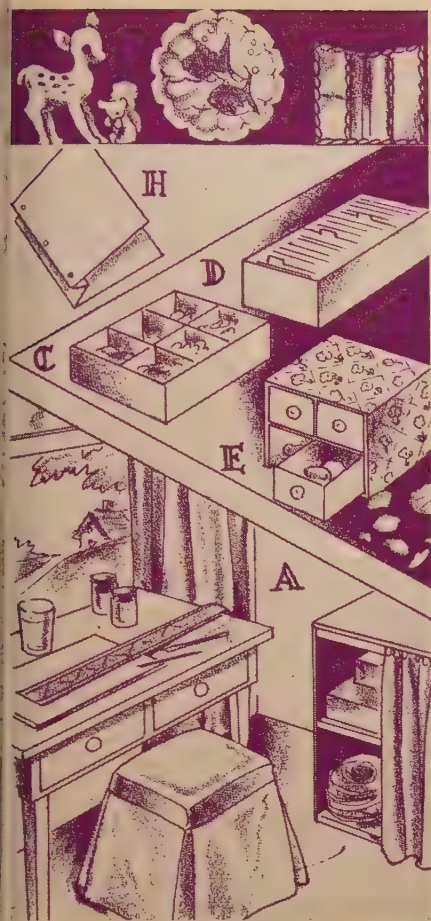
astronomy, choral singing and other music, story, verse or other writing, debating, storytelling, hiking, camping, clearing nature trails, learning new words or a new language. There is Indian lore, practical nursing, flower arrangement, pageantry, animal training, bee culture, tinkering, weather-forecasting, amateur broadcasting, playground supervision, wild-flower preservation, local history, and reading with a purpose. Your class or family unit can enjoy any of these avocations together.

Some hobbyists prefer collecting, which, though perhaps not as engrossing as making or doing something, can be both interesting and educational. Avoid collecting trivialities like bottle caps, match folders and ticket stubs. Try to make collecting meaningful and representative. Purposeful collecting can include books, pictures, coins, and some antiques, such as glass, pewter, lanterns, dishes, tin-types. Also dolls, posters, fans, stones, shells, butterflies, quotations, Bible verses, poems, recipes, miniature objects, seeds, Indian relics, post cards, perfume bottles, pressed flowers, postmarks, maps and notable news items.

But where will you ride your hobby? With present cramped living quarters the rule, some of us have only a room or corner of a room to call our own. So here are suggestions for keeping your hobby in hand and away from unwelcome intrusion upon others.

Most make-it hobbies require a table and good light. If you must use a family table, cover it protec-





tively with newspaper. A real worktable is preferable, however, and any small plain table will do. Try to find an old one that can be reconditioned. Sandpaper it, then apply paint or enamel in a color that harmonizes with the room. Such a table can be moved to the light when needed, then returned to a less conspicuous spot when not in use. A stool, which can be made of a wooden box or butter tub dressed in a simple slipcover and cushion, as in Figure A, will slide under the table when not needed. It can also hold materials.

A cabinet for storing materials can be made of fruit or beverage cases, or of an apple box with shelf added. Sandpaper and paint the outside and inside; then add a curtain gathered on a wire or on a short curtain rod. Two or more such cabinets, with a board laid across the top, furnish a suitable place for books, as display space for things made, or additional working surface. If spillable in-

gredients are involved in the handicraft, an oilcloth cover cut to fit the top of the table and cabinet will protect the finish.

A special display unit for a collector's hobby, such as miniature objects, shells, stones, perfume bottles, salt shakers and any other small items, is a series of low shelves, as shown in Figure B, which can be placed on a table, dresser, mantel or deep window sill. It can be built of wood from packing boxes and should be planned to fit a particular place. Such shelves may be constructed with straight sides or pyramided, as illustrated. Small hanging shelves are also practical.

Good storage space for materials needed in handicrafts, as well as sports equipment, such as tennis shoes, balls and rackets, or skating shoes, or games like badminton, chess, checkers, and so forth, is a chest made of a sturdy wooden box. The wooden lid may require material from an additional box. Brace it with cross-pieces at the ends and hinge it on. Box and lid may be painted or lined with cloth or fancy paper. Pad the top, then cover it with cloth. Drape the sides of the box with cloth, pleated at the corners. This may be attached with small tacks or thumbtacks, as shown.

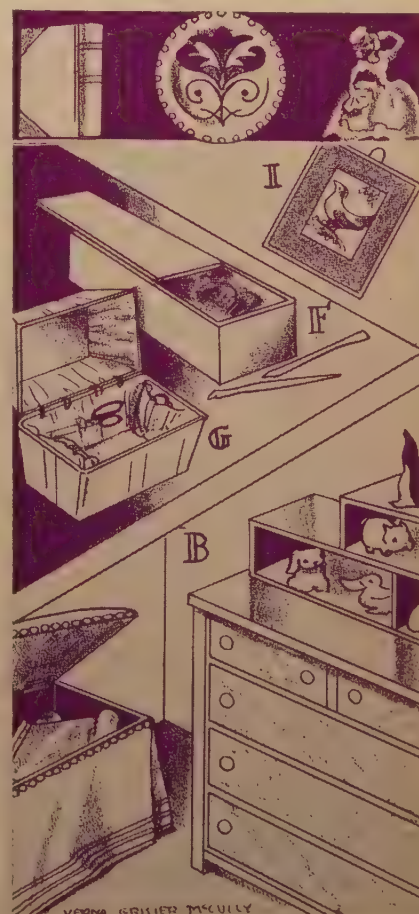
Cardboard boxes of various types makes excellent receptacles for all sorts of hobby collections and materials. A woman's stocking box, as in Figure C, or one fitted with cross pieces of cardboard that produce compartments, is suitable for shells, stones, seeds, beads, buttons, coins, thimbles and other small objects. A shoe box or similar box holds a collection of post cards or recipes, quotations, verses, rules for games, or any other items that can be written or pasted on cards. A nest of boxes (Figure E) is also useful for storing small articles, or materials for making things. This is composed of four kitchen matchboxes, with cardboard glued around four sides, then covered with fancy paper. Buttons form the drawer handles.

A wooden cheese box or similar wooden box is good for storing modeling clay, whether nondry-

ing or mixed clay that must be kept moist. Such a box is also useful for housing paint jars, glue, and other materials. Paint it some gay color, to give a bright spot to the room.

Figure G shows how two large berry boxes or peach baskets can be painted, lined with silk or rayon, and laced together to become an attractive sewing basket. Figure H illustrates a scrapbook page. Cut pages double, twice the page size desired, plus two inches, fold as shown, then lace with other pages into cardboard covers. These scrapbooks may be used to house a multitude of hobby collections, photographs, sketches, programs, menus, pressed flowers, bird pictures, paper napkins, clippings, autographs, and so on.

Picture collections, whether photographs, prints or drawings, can be mounted on laundry shirt cardboards. Paint them with enamels or with show-card colors,



shellacked. To make attractive inexpensive frames, cut two cardboard bigger than the picture. Cut a hole in one, put the picture between the two boards, add a wire or cord loop at the top; then bind all around with passe-partout or cellophane scotch tape (Figure I).

If you plan a group hobby like choral singing or debating, first organize your group and find a suitable place for meeting. Your church social rooms may be available, or the home of some member. Any musical hobby, whether group or individual, should be developed with the idea of bringing happiness to others. Remember the shut-ins in this regard. Storytelling is another socially valuable hobby, which both children and grownups will enjoy. All hobbies are most rewarding when shared, whether you make gifts while pursuing your favorite craft, or assemble bouquets from your garden, whether you loan your collection for exhibitions or go with a friend when following a nature trail.

Second Fiddle

(From page 36.)

there. She emptied a low blue bowl of pencils, a jar ring and some buttons, washed and dried it, then piled it high with rosy-red apples, some oranges, and a bunch of green grapes from the refrigerator.

As she finished her simple supper, after tucking Rusty in for the night, she suddenly realized that it had been months since the cozy little kitchen had looked so neat and attractive. And as she turned out all but one light in the living room on her way to bed she looked about at the homey, well-ordered room and felt a deep sense of warmth and comfort and security. It looked as a real home should look, she thought, and tried to crowd down the feeling of shame at her recent neglect of everything except Rusty.

In the bedroom she wound the alarm clock, changed the setting on the back, undressed, and after a shower, slid into bed. It took a little doing not to lie awake worrying about Rusty's tomorrow, but she managed it. She didn't even hear Morley come in.

"Boy . . . I thought I smelled bacon!"

Her husband came into the kitchen, tying his tie as he walked. He pulled out his chair from under the sun-flooded

table, reached out and broke off a cluster of grapes, started to eat them. Maud, by the stove, forked crisp pieces of bacon onto sunny yellow plates, slid a wide spatula under gently fried eggs and eased them in place beside the bacon. From the oven she took a plate holding golden-brown toast triangles. She set this on the table, put the plates of food on blue-and-yellow-checked mats in front of each place. Then she brought steaming cups of fragrant coffee to the table. As she set Morley's at his place she leaned over and kissed him lightly on the forehead. "Good morning," she smiled.

"Morning to you." He smiled, too. If he wanted to ask in amazement: "What goes?" he controlled the urge. Instead he said: "Boy, this bacon is delish; cooked exactly as I like it . . . crisp and brown, but not brittle."

Breakfast over, he started for the door. Maud caught her breath with a pang of disappointment. Still, this was fair enough . . . the last time he had tried to kiss her good-by before he left for the office in the morning, she'd jerked away to run and attend to Rusty. . . .

She cleared the table and stacked the dishes. From the nursery came a tiny whimper; rigidly she ignored it. Then she heard Morley coming back and felt sure he was standing in the door. When she turned he was looking at her, at the fresh blue print, at her neatly arranged hair, at the tan sport brogues she was wearing instead of the sloppy sandals he'd teased her about so often. "Forgot something," he said, taking her in his arms and kissing her warmly. "See you tonight."

No wonder Morley forgot to kiss her, Maud thought, as she washed and wiped the dishes and put them in the cupboard. I've been forgetting something far more important—that he doesn't like playing second fiddle any better than I do . . . that I wasn't ever going to let anything like that happen to him! She sat down at the kitchen table—bare now except for the bowl of fruit—and took a notebook and pencil from the drawer. There was another whimper from Rusty's room and she leaped to her feet impulsively, was halfway to his door before she stopped. *He's had his bottle and been changed*, she recalled. She smiled to herself, tiptoed back to the kitchen; the whimpering soon ceased. It would take a little time to learn not to jump every time her baby made a sound. But she'd make out her schedule as she had planned last night. It would be elastic, yet efficient, and she'd make sure of one thing—she'd have everything done by the time Morley got home at night. The five-to-ten afternoon and evening hours would be free ones; they would be Morley's and hers. . . . There was a good western at The Towers. Morley loved westerns. She reached over and brought the telephone from its shelf to the table. First of all, she'd call Mrs. Morrison to make sure they'd have a sitter for Rusty. . . .

Give Hearthstone for Mother's Day

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STUDY GUIDE

on "Sharing with Our Friends Overseas"

By L. Roy Cronkhite

—Study Article, page 28

I. Report on the Article.—

1. A brief review of the article by some member of the group. The chief points of interest are:

a) When we work to help people we work with God to accomplish his purpose in the world.

b) Help offered to helpless people by the church agencies or by individual Christians is less likely to be regarded as having "an axe to grind" than when it comes through government-controlled agencies.

c) This being true these friends overseas are not likely to think we have ulterior motives. The seed of enduring friendship resulting will help prevent future wars and bring about conditions favoring world peace.

II. General Discussion.—

1. What are some of the objections we meet in giving aid to those overseas? How shall we meet such objections as:

a) "We have more need in our own country than is being met. Let us first take care of everybody here in need before helping those overseas."

b) "If we feed them we encourage shiftlessness and the tendency to depend on others. We do not want to make America a glorified Santa Claus."

2. Consider what it means to have vast numbers of people perpetually hungry, ill clad and in general want. What effect will such conditions have on morale? When the plight of a people is desperate, are they not likely to be ready to listen to anyone who promises relief without being too concerned over ethics or whether or not the promiser is reliable?

3. While there has been some disappointment over DP families brought to the United States, by long odds, the majority have proved worthy and are making excellent citizens. The last figures the writer saw indicated that those making good were about 300 to 1. This percentage leads us to believe that solely on the law of averages we make a good investment in such people.

4. For information, write to the World Council of Churches, or to the American Baptist Home Mission Society, 164 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y., or to the United Christian Missionary Society, 222 South Downey Avenue, Indianapolis 7, Ind.

5. There may be a DP family some place not too far from you. Call on

this family and learn some of the experiences they have passed through. Get their opinion of our country, and of the value of this kind of service.

6. Consult the sponsor of a DP family. If none is near you write to the missionary headquarters of your church and find out the one nearest to your community. Write the family or, better still, visit them. You might also get a sponsor to address your group.

III. What to Do about It.—

The real joy will come when you begin actually to share with our friends overseas. There are many ways in which a group or a family can do this. The following are some of the things which you can do. You may wish to begin in a modest way and later undertake more extensive service. But do some actual project or work.

1. Find out if there is an exchange student near you in high school or college. If so, invite him to your home

for a visit. He (or she) will have much to share with you.

2. If such a person has some special ability, in music, or speaking, etc., arrange for him to sing or speak at your church. You may wish to present him with a modest gift of money for his service to help in his schooling. Most of them need it.

3. Locate a DP family and visit them and secure the names of relatives or friends in the land from whence they came. Write to some of these. If they are in need, as they most likely will be, you might send a package of clothing direct. If you wish to send a *Care* package of food, send ten dollars to CARE, 20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y. giving the name of the family you wish it to go to. You will receive a receipt from CARE and later a letter from the family receiving your package. If you do not know of a family to whom to send a package, you may send ten dollars to CARE, asking them to pick the family.

4. Various agencies act as a clearing center through which the churches serve. Here is additional information from two such centers, both under the auspices of the World Council of Churches.

From a correspondent at Das Hilfswerk der Ev. Kirchen in Deutschland, Zentralbüro, Staffenbergstrass 66, Stuttgart S. (14a), U.S. Zone: "Baby things are still very much short. . . . There is an alarming situation in the area along the (Russian) zonal border where a monthly thousand individuals from the Russian zone seek refuge in the Federal Republic. . . . They have sacrificed their belongings to freedom on this side of the Iron Curtain."

From a correspondent at the Cimade, World Council of Churches, 25 Rue Blanche, Paris (9e), France: "The men who arrive here, with their families of small children, are generally in rags, and we cannot find clothing for them (new or old), nor shoes which are so necessary for getting work. . . . We find ourselves here in the presence of great misery and with funds that are very low and I hope you will understand why I plead for them."

Parcels may be sent to either of these addresses, via International Parcel Post.

WHEN CHILDREN COME WITH YOU

Plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour. There are stories in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, in books which may be borrowed from the public library or from the school or church library.

Guide in Making Articles. Suggestions are frequently found in this magazine, the primary and junior story papers, or in books, such as *Holiday Craft and Fun* by Joseph Leeming. Easter greeting cards might be made for family and friends.

Direct Games. Suggestions are sometimes given in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, and in books such as *Children's Games from Many Lands*, by Nina Millen.

Lead a Missionary Project. For information, Baptists may write to Miss Florence Stansbury, 152 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York; Disciples, to Miss Carrie Dee Hancock, 222 South Downey Avenue, Indianapolis 7, Indiana.

Who Is Best?

(From page 27.)

awarded a prize for being able to hold his breath the longest under water. Mr. Turtle wasn't even at the meeting to hear the announcement because he was away visiting his relatives at the time.

The next day Mrs. Wren was talking to Mr. Rabbit about it. "Well, if it isn't the craziest thing I ever heard! I suppose now Mr. Turtle will never speak to us again, he'll be so big-headed."

"Yes, I suppose so," Mr. Rabbit agreed. "Who cares if he can hold his breath the longest? I don't like water; I don't want to swim."

"Neither do I," answered Mrs. Wren. At that very moment Mr. Turtle came ambling slowly toward them from his mud bank.

"Just see how poky he walks," said Mrs. Wren. "And he can't sing nor fly like I can."

"He can't jump over logs and weeds either," added Mr. Rabbit.

After about umpteen minutes Mr. Turtle stopped in front of them. "I just heard the good news, friends," he wheezed. "I know I can't sing songs nor run fast, but who else but me can hold their breath for four minutes under water?"

Mr. Rabbit looked at Mrs. Wren, and she blinked her beady black eyes at Mr. Turtle. Suddenly they all smiled. Then they grinned and crinkled up their eyes. Finally they laughed out loud.

"How silly we are!" cried Mrs. Wren. "We're all different. Let's just be contented with what we can do."

"Fine!" answered Mr. Turtle. "Let's be friends again."

"Let's do!" laughed Mr. Rabbit.

The Apologetic Bunny

(From page 26.)

"I'm afraid all the good things have been eaten, Jerry, and you'll have to make out on plain bread," said Mr. Hoppity.

"But I'm awfully hungry," began Jerry, who had been hoping for a large helping of stew.

"We're all sorry," said his father. "Please excuse us."

"Well," Jerry said slowly, but he could not say more, since his father had apologized so politely. He ate his bread, and then went into the playroom where he found Judy doing something to his red truck.

"Watch out, you're going to break my truck!" cried Jerry, but Judy said: "I'm sorry! Please excuse me!" and Jerry didn't like to complain. He went outside to watch for Mr. Bumblebunny, who was bustling in the walk with a load of groceries. As a rule, the jolly grocery man brought a treat for the Hoppity children—a stick of candy, perhaps, or a few licorice drops.

"Oh, dear," said Mr. Bumblebunny, when he saw Jerry. "I was in such a

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

Biblegram, page 41.

"The Lord is not slow about his promise as some count slowness, but is forbearing toward you, not wishing that any should perish, but that all should reach repentance."—2 Peter 3:9.

The Words

A Golgotha	L While
B Ushers	M Batch
C Cushion	N Outworn
D Hosea	O Idiot
E Chimney	P Fashion
F Turtle	Q Turns
G Postman	R Builds
H Little	S Water
I Papoose	T Howls
J Baboons	U Nearest
K Sturdy	V Darns

rush today that I forgot about the little folks. I'm very sorry," and he patted Jerry's head.

But that was not the worst. When Miss Lucinda Long Ears came over from next door, she stepped on the fence Jerry was building, and knocked it down. Of course, she felt very sorry about it and apologized so politely that Jerry had to tell her not to mind. "But," as he told Willy Whiskers later, "nothing seemed to go right any more. Folks are always doing things they shouldn't, and then saying they're sorry."

"You said it doesn't make any difference what you do, just so you say you're sorry," Willy told him. Jerry stood very still for a moment. He was remembering all the careless things he had done, and expected them to be excused when he apologized. Even now, he was late for supper, after telling his mother he would be on time. He hurried home and found the Hoppity family at the table.

"Please, Mother," Jerry began, breathlessly, "I'm sorry to be late, and I won't mind if everything's eaten. I really am sorry, and I'm going to try to do better after this."

Mrs. Hoppity smiled. "Get your plate out of the oven, Jerry," she said. "I've kept your food warm. And I know you really mean it this time."

"You see, Son," Mr. Hoppity explained, "it isn't enough just to say you're sorry. You must really be sorry, and make an effort to do better."

"I will, Father," Jerry said, earnestly, and settled down earnestly to eat his dinner.

Dee-Dee, the Oriole

(From page 27.)

ico," said Father Oriole. "Eat a lot today so that you will be strong enough to fly that far."

The next day they started off. All except Dee-Dee.

"I do not want to fly so far," he thought. "I will stay right here and keep plenty warm."

So he hid behind a tall watering can in the garden and sat very still. In their excitement at flying south, Mother Oriole did not miss Dee-Dee at all.

As soon as he was alone, Dee-Dee tucked his head under his wing and took a long sleep. When he awakened he was very hungry. It took him a long time to find food because he was used to gobbling up his brothers' and sisters' food. He was all tired out before his stomach was half filled.

"There aren't as many berries and plump bugs as there were this summer," he twittered.

Then something ran a long, cold finger up his yellow back. His feathers stood straight up like an Indian head-dress. It was North Wind puffing up his cheeks and blowing out cold weather. Dee-Dee shivered and flew around to keep warm. He looked down below him and saw a large garden of beautiful flowers.

"Dee, Dee, Dee!" warbled the little bird, and he flew down to play among the flowers.

Bang! He almost knocked his breath away. There was a sheet of glass stretched over the top of the flowers. "I had better fly in from the side," cried Dee-Dee. He tried this, too, but there was another wall of glass. There was no way to get to the wonderful garden. Then he remembered Mother Oriole telling about glasshouses that were kept warm so that flowers could grow all the year.

"This is a greenhouse," said Dee-Dee sadly.

He heard a man's voice say, "I guess that Oriole doesn't know enough to fly south. He will surely freeze to death."

Dee-Dee shivered and flew to the highest branch of the maple tree. "I wish I had minded Mother Oriole and gone south," he twittered. He decided to fly south and find his family. But when he looked north, south, east and west, every direction looked just the same to him. Dee-Dee wanted to cry, and he did—just a little—"Dee, Dee, Dee!"

Mother Oriole had not flown very far before she called, "Where are you, Dee-Dee?" But of course, he was not there at all.

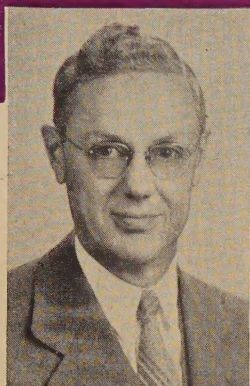
"You take the others south and I will fly back for Dee-Dee," said Mother Oriole to Father Oriole. She flew very swiftly straight back to their empty nest in the maple tree. She knew Dee-Dee was too lazy to go far.

There he was, very sad and lonely. He looked up and saw Mother Oriole. He was so glad to see her that he flew up and sat as close as he could to her. "I am sorry," he chirped. "I will mind and always fly south in the winter," and Dee-Dee always did, too.

Then Mother Oriole and Dee-Dee flew south until they reached the rest of the Oriole family.

WHAT THE CHURCHES ARE DOING IN

family life



By J. D. MONTGOMERY

One of the growing features in church life is the increasing number of evening programs designed for all members of the family. Many of these programs are held on Sunday evening, while others are conducted one evening during the week. When held on Sunday evening the usual plan includes the established programs for intermediates and young people with other features added so as to include the entire family. These programs for all members of each family seem to indicate a wholesome trend in the educational and devotional phases of church life.

Sunday Evening Family Fellowship

The First Christian Church at Jackson, Mississippi, conducts a Sunday evening program with educational, devotional and fellowship features for all members of the family. This is a part of their program of Christian education which has the theme, "Home and Church Working Together." The program starts at 5 o'clock with study, recreation and worship activities for the junior high youth group. At 5:45 the senior high youth group meets for a similar program. Then the young people enjoy a light supper served at the church.

Other members of the family come together with the young people at 7:30 for a period of worship and even-song, which lasts for thirty minutes. All groups from the junior children and older are together for this service. During this period and the one which follows, children under the junior age, including the nursery, are cared for in their respective groups. At 8 o'clock there is a brief coffee period for fellowship and acquaintance.

Then, from 8:15 to 9:00, the "University of Life" program takes place. Planned for the combined groups of juniors, young people and adults, it is a diversified educational program, held during the fall and winter months. For four Sunday evenings during November the minister of the church gave interpretative reports of his trip through Europe as a member of a traveling seminar. These reports were illustrated with picture slides. During the month of December the main feature of this "University of Life" program was a course for men of the church on "The Church Board at

Work." During the next six Sundays the theme was, "The Church in Society," or social problems and the church's part in solving them. In this series special speakers were invited to bring their messages. When this series was concluded, a School of Missions was conducted with the use of audio-visual materials.

As another phase of its family fellowship program, the Jackson, Mississippi, church has held a program on the fourth Monday evening of each month. At the center of this program is a Fellowship Dinner, to which the entire family is invited. Along with the fellowship emphasis, there are educational elements, and provision is made for all age groups.

Community Christmas Celebration

The opening of the Christmas season in the city of Goldsboro, North Carolina, on December 4, 1952, was an event which deserves the attention of Christian communities elsewhere. It was a community expression of the desire of Christians to put Christ back into Christmas and to revive in the minds of the people the spirit of Christ rather than the spirit of festivity. While this was a community rather than a family celebration, it was conducted for all ages and had interest and meaning for all members of the family.

The celebration was initiated and sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce with the approval of the city authorities. As the underlying purpose was to make Christmas more Christian, the churches of the city were requested to play the major role in making the preparations and in carrying out the celebration.

From the beginning, the plans for the celebration were worked out by an interracial committee, and churches took part on an equal basis irrespective of race. Each church of the city was asked to prepare a float for the parade on December 4. Twenty-two churches accepted the invitation. Each float portrayed some incident in the Gospel story of the birth of Jesus. Such scenes as the angel speaking to Mary, Mary's talk with Elizabeth, the flight into Egypt, Mary and Joseph arriving at the inn, the manger, the star, the shepherds, the three Wise Men, and the angelical choir, were featured.

To make this celebration possible, the Chamber of Commerce contributed \$50.00 to each church toward the expenses of its float. Other items which helped to make this celebration unique were the street decorations and the effective lighting of the city. The program was publicized widely, and it was estimated that 25,000 to 35,000 people were out to see the parade. An editorial in one of the dailies said that it was "one of the finest things Goldsboro has ever presented as a public attraction."



April Affirmations

... April—no fooling—is here again! It is the one month of the year the meaning of whose name is in doubt. It may have its roots in the Latin word *aperire* which means to open, referring to the opening of the buds on trees and flowers. Support for this is given by the fact that the Greek word for spring also means “opening.” Whatever it means, most of us are happy to see April come around on the calendar again ... April Fools’ Day, the delight of the youngsters—and some oldsters—has an interesting legend in connection with its origin. Since one of the commonest practical jokes played on that day is to send someone on a fruitless, useless errand, the idea has arisen that this goes back to the fact that Christ was sent back and forth between Pilate, the High Priests, and Herod in a fruitless attempt to get him off their hands. They were the fools, to think that they had got rid of him ... Easter, falling more frequently in April than in March, is the great day of the month. More people will go to church on that day than on any other day in the year. How many of all the millions that go to “worship” in their spring finery realize that there can be no Easter without Black Friday, no resurrection without the cross? It might be more realistic for ministers to preach on the cross on Easter Sunday, and on the resurrection on so-called Good Friday. ... Remember! It’s dangerous to go straight!—In traffic, we mean. Out of more than 37,000 traffic deaths in 1951, 80.5 per cent were caused by cars which were traveling in a straight direction. To paraphrase an old gospel song, “Keep your eye upon the highway and your foot close to the brake!”

The Fields Are White

Ninety-five out of every 100 Americans over 17 years of age say that they have a definite religious preference, Catholic, Jewish, or Protestant.

Since church membership rolls actually list only about 59 per cent of the population, it would appear

that the churches do have a definitely interested group awaiting cultivation.

There is, of course, a vast difference between claiming to be a religious person and actually being one. However, the churches have this much of an advantage to work on, 95 out of every 100 Americans over 17 were willing to admit in a survey conducted by *The Catholic Digest* that they had some religious inclinations.

The same survey indicates that out of every 10 Americans, 7 are Protestant, 2 are Catholic, and the tenth is either Jewish or without any religious preference. Of those giving a Protestant preference 78 per cent claim to be active in their church relationships and 68 per cent say they attended church at least once during the twelve-week period previous to the time the survey was made.

It will greatly surprise most Protestant leaders to learn that 78 per cent of the folk they have on their membership records think of themselves as active members.

Much of the responsibility for harvesting these whitening fields is laid upon the home and family. It is one of the continuing purposes of *Hearthstone* to give help in meeting this responsibility.

Parents, here is your great opportunity.

Easter Seals for Crippled Children

30,000,000 homes will receive Easter Seals through the mail this year. The response in voluntary giving to this appeal will mean help and assistance to over a quarter of a million children and adults who are crippled and handicapped from various causes.

Is it not a shame that we spend so many billions for instruments to kill and maim, praying in the meantime that they will not be used, and give so few millions to help crippled persons become self-supporting citizens?

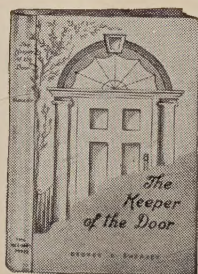
Let’s all get behind the Easter Seals sales this year.

Give Her a Good Book for Mother's Day



THE KEEPER OF THE DOOR

By Geo. E. Sweazey. A glowing tribute to mothers emphasizing the important role they play in molding the religious, moral and social life in our communities. Here is a real treasure for Christian home reading. Wit and wisdom in dealing with the problems of everyday family life. \$2.00



THE CARPENTER OF NAZARETH

By Casper S. Yost. A beautiful and reverent story of our Savior complete with an evaluation of his background and environment. An excellent analysis of the work and teachings of Christ. Realistic and free of even a trace of dogmatism! Over 350 pages of inspiring, informative reading! \$2.50

SILA, SON OF CONGO

By Goldie Ruth Wells. Fascinating as fiction . . . true as history! The thrilling story of a native boy of the Belgian Congo and how he was converted to Christianity and given a hope for the future. The reader will breathe the breath of the jungle in these pages telling of witch doctors, child-stealing leopards, strange customs and plots. \$1.50

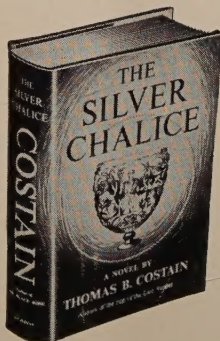


YOUR HOME CAN BE CHRISTIAN

By Donald M. Maynard. A new, wise and delightfully practical book discussing how parents adjust to each other, why children act as they do, physical health and personality, developing self-confidence, social adjustment and discipline, helping children grow spiritually, etc. \$2.00

JOYFUL JOURNEY

By Isabel Crawford. An autobiography of a pioneer missionary to the Kiowa Indians in Oklahoma who, in spite of hardships and handicaps, always retains her sense of humor. \$2.50



DOORWAY TO A HAPPY HOME

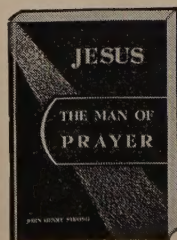
By Mrs. Clarence H. Hamilton. The basic essentials of good family life, together with practical suggestions for organizing time and saving energy . . . suggested steps for meditation as a means of putting the mind in accord with goals. \$2.50

CONGO CAMEOS

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